The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1607 NOV. 8, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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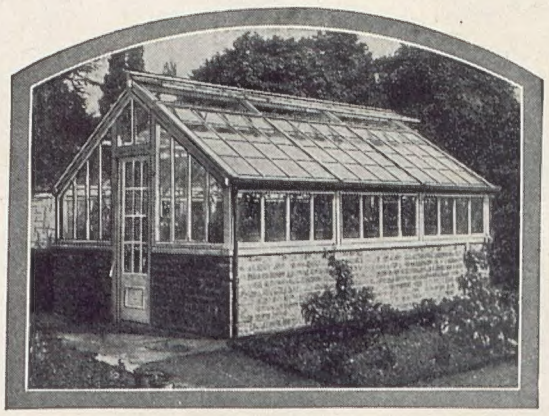

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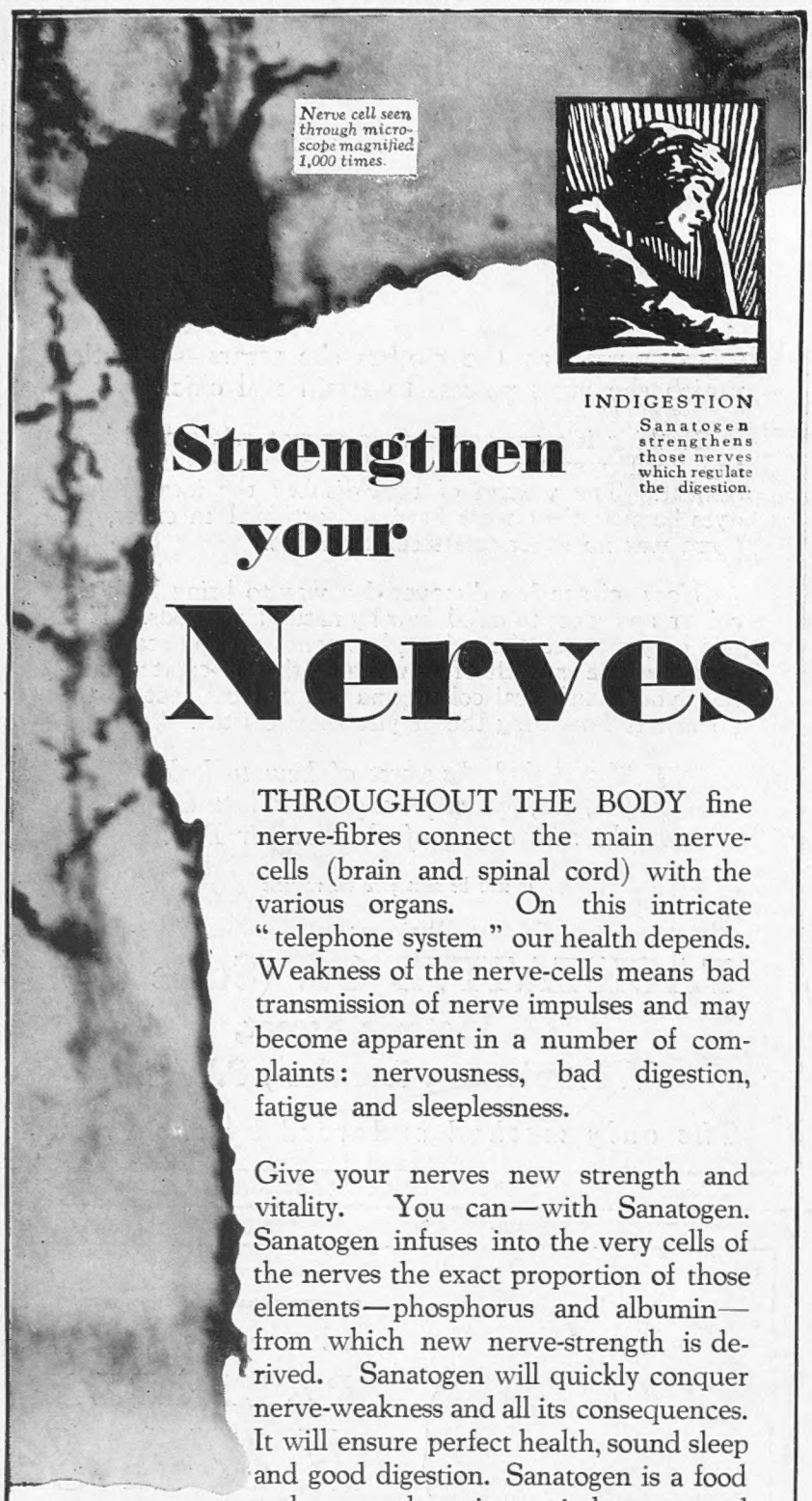

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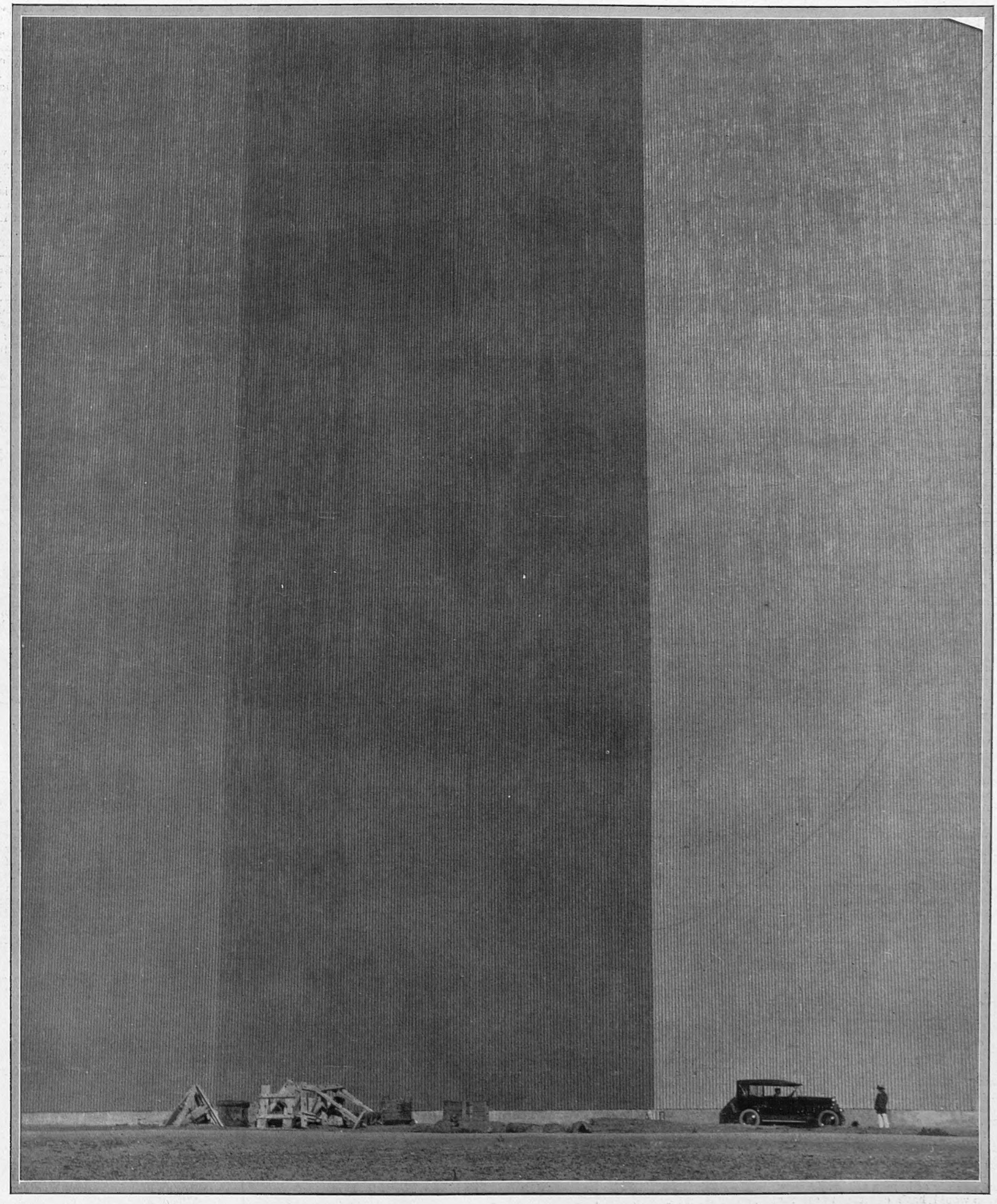


THE HAVEN
which was
NEVER REACHED
— The Hangar for "R 101" at Karachi

From a correspondent in Karachi "The Sphere" has received this remarkable picture of the hangar built to house the ill-fated "R 101" on her maiden trip to India, which terminated so disastrously at Beauvais. It is at the moment an open question whether or no the colossal shed will ever be used. The gigantic size of the structure is clearly shown, for in the foreground is a car of average size, and the perspective would tend to increase the vehicle's size in comparison with that of the hangar. The grave difficulty with modern airships is the largeness of the dimensions to which they must be built so that the requisite lift may be obtained.

A London Newsletter

BYE-ELECTION BRAVURA: Admiral Taylor, the Empire Crusader, who defeated both the official Conservative candidate, Sir Herbert Lidiard, a rival Conservative, Mrs. Stewart Richardson, and a Labour candidate, Miss Dorothy Evans, in the South Paddington by-election. The majority was 941

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 5, 1930.

It *is* November.—Summer returned to allow the King a "safe conduct" when he opened Parliament in State and golden coach—a ceremony which a year ago I doubted if we should ever see again in quite its ancient manner. If the vagaries of the weather leave you in any doubt as to whether November has indeed come round again, a sheaf of annual fixtures have left their convincing proof. Fox-hunting "began" on Monday, Guy Fawkes was pilloried to make an urchin's holiday on Wednesday, and a reassembled Parliament has already shown that the session is likely to be brimful of interest. More than these, the Lord Mayor's Show is already a red-hot news-item, and the essential atmosphere of that long-drawn-out agony—an icy mist or an ochreous fog—has had one or two preliminary undress rehearsals. It is undoubtedly November, the month when the Londoner thanks God for the light and warmth and intellectual interest of the club smoking-room, while the squire thanks Heaven he is far away from London fogs and murk. And I am bound to say that, for once at any rate there is something to be said for Pall Mall, for it is not easy to recall a November so cramful of political interest, so pregnant with Imperial possibilities and constitutional import. A new chapter of English history may be drafted this side of Christmas.

You Never Can Tell.—How true (how trite) to sum up this week's London scene with a "You never can tell" and apologies to Bernard Shaw. I confess to having spent considerable time these last few days haunting the various centres of interest in London. The purlieus of the Imperial Conference have become familiar to us all and its interest has waned, with younger rivals in session elsewhere and the bulk of its unsensational labours accomplished. Cross the park and you find yourself in "Little India," the title temporarily bestowed on St. James's, where, already, before the King-Emperor's official opening, you could pick out types of a dozen different races, creeds, classes, factions, common to Indian social life. One figure is conspicuous by his absence from that assembly. Where is he? Cross the park again you will find him by a queer chance in Great George Street engaged in another important task for which his exhaustive labours in and about India doubtless helped to fit him. Six months ago one would have confidently expected to find Sir John Simon at St. James' to-day. You never can tell—when you saw the model of *R 101* at Antwerp this summer, triumphantly displayed, you little expected to see it so soon the chief exhibit in a tragic inquest at Westminster. Indeed, the I.C.E. Hall in particular and London in general are object-lessons to-day of the uncertainty of human affairs. A year ago who would have expected to see Sir William Jowitt filling the office of Attorney-General? Or for that matter, Sir Stafford Cripps in the rôle of Solicitor-General? So short a time ago (as it seems to me) he was a Winchester boy, plodding conscientiously along Education Lane.

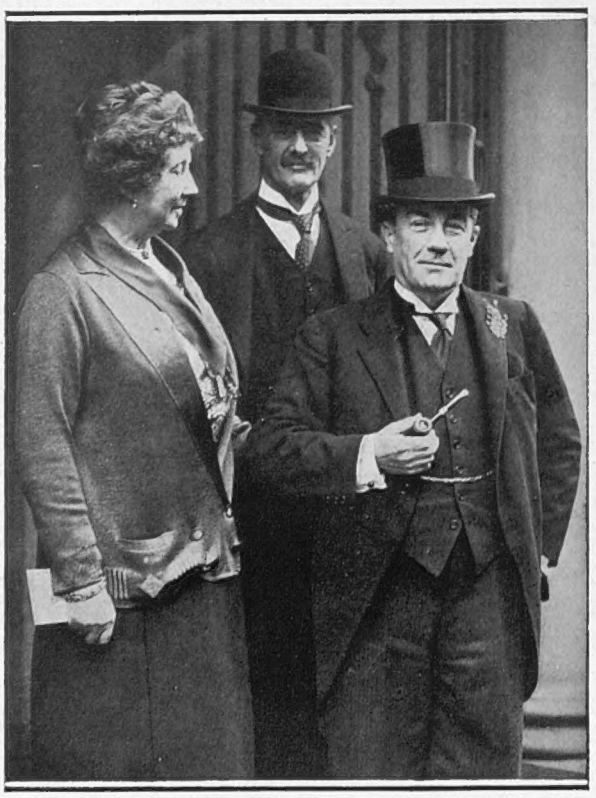
"R 101" Inquiry.—The absence of all the pomps and majesties of law—red and ermine, black gowns, wigs, hatchments of royal arms—was what most impressed me on my first visit to the *R 101* inquiry. And a subsequent visit has confirmed this impression. The Institute Hall is remarkably stark and workmanlike with its severe lines and plain columns. The chairman and his assessors and the law officers, in their work-aday clothes and untramelled by wig and gown, create an atmosphere entirely different from a legal trial. In both, the naked truth is the goal; but in the latter a necessary illusion is kept up as a deterrent to unstable citizens, the majesty and terror of the law, a survival from the days of medieval superstition and ignorance. Here in Great George Street, pity and truth are hand in hand. There are no delays of pageantry and forms. All concerned grasp the nettle of truth with almost brutal frankness and address. A determination to tell the public everything—whosesoever reputation may be involved—is the keynote. It is as if for once the whole nation is invited to serve on the jury of this tragic inquest and to assume responsibility for deciding if airships are to be or not to be. But humour and drama play their parts in the proceeding. The old French poacher provided both, with his inimitable shrug when the court tactfully steered past the object of his midnight visit to the wood; and with his dramatic picture of that wild night: "Le vent bien fort et de l'ouest."

The Great Rebellion.—The Conservative meeting has "cleared the air." This is a phrase which use has consecrated to describe these not infrequent rallies at the dingy Caxton Hall. But first a word about that Conservative rebellion as it was viewed before the meeting. There was almost a Bismarckian touch about that illicit publication of forty-four names, "signatories" to a revolutionary ultimatum too brutally frank to be intended for publication in that form. It reminded one, as I say, of the Ems telegram—one suspected a mute, inglorious Bismarck somewhere in the background, or recalled that old police jest "anything you may say will be taken down, *altered*, and used in evidence against you." Then came the secret ballot at Caxton Hall while Mr. Baldwin retired to "the end of the passage." People have been nimbly accounting for those figures, the four-fifths majority. It is said that the dissentient minority does in fact mean about 80 Conservative members *in the House*, who wished to get rid of Mr. Baldwin but, having failed, are now pledged to loyalty to him. If this reading of the figures is correct, I can only hope that the party for a year or so will have a sufficiently keen sense of the ridiculous to keep their pledge and hold their tongues. The result of the South Paddington by-election adds piquancy and difficulty to the situation.

Parliamentary Business.—Mr. MacDonald has optimistically disclosed a programme of business which, properly conducted through Parliament, would occupy the time of the House right up to the "natural death" of the present administration. A prime cause of our present misfortunes is the fact that nowadays legislation never *is* "properly" conducted through Parliament. It is rushed through, chunks of it are never discussed at all, and inconceivable errors in drafting slip through the big-meshed net. Up to Christmas the time of the House will be largely taken with what Mr. MacDonald himself describes as "emergency" business in relief of unemployment. It is an extraordinary label to tie on to the two Bills, Education and Agriculture, to raise the school-leaving age and to promote large-scale farming and land reconditioning. Such Bills are "emergency" only in the commitment of further huge sums of public money. Their effect on unemployment could not conceivably be felt before responsibility for the unemployment crisis has passed into other hands, or the crisis itself has passed as a result of causes entirely outside the compass of politicians.

Once in Three Hundred Years.—I have never listened with greater delight to an after-dinner speech than to Bernard Shaw's welcome to Einstein. What a versatile artist is Shaw, as good with the tongue as with the pen. He gave a bottleful of wisdom hidden in a jar of delectable jam. There are two sorts of great men—giants among pigmies and giants among giants. Napoleon was among the former class. He built empires. But of the latter class the world has produced but seven. These are builders of universes. Aristotle, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Einstein. Ptolemy's universe lasted 1,400 years. Then came Newton's universe—a rectilinear universe. It lasted 300 years and is now replaced with Einstein's curvilinear universe which may last 1,000 years or a 1,000 days. But a chance has been offered to us which came to none of our ancestors for the last ten generations, to welcome and hear the voice of one of the world's seven great men. And here as I listened I asked myself: who gave that chance to the common peoples of civilization? And I wondered in what category we ought to place Senator Marconi, who founded the Empire of the Ether, which is nearer a universe and not to be placed in a category with Napoleon's rotten little Empire which decayed in a night.

The Viceroy's Successor.—Lord Irwin hasn't left India yet. Indeed his normal term of office will not be up till the daffodils are half over, and cricket bats are being oiled in 1931. And even then, there's no knowing. But that has not deterred the gossip writers. Does any other dingy fraternity merit less consideration from civilization? I strongly agree that it does serious harm in the Empire, in India, in England, to the Government, to the Viceroy, and above all to those whose names are taken in vain as the Viceroy's successors, to spread these rumours. Take Lord Gorell for instance. It is bitter hard on him that his name should be dragged in chains behind the juggernaut car of gossip writers. Lord Gorell is a modest man, would be the first to admit that he is not of the Viceroy standard. He has a moderate facility with the pen, turns out pleasant verses and agreeable but undistinguished novels, is a partner in an old and conservative publishing house, and has adequately carried out various minor jobs such as fall to the lot of peers who are sufficiently conscientious to attend at Westminster and sufficiently well educated to be able to write clear minutes, to comprehend terms of reference, and to study blue books. To raise him on to a pinnacle against his will and without his knowledge, a pinnacle from which he must inevitably be rudely hurled, is grossly unfair to him, and is a slight not only to India, where ignorance is rife, but to Lord Irwin. I doubt if it will even assist the sale of his books.



BALDWIN VICTORIOUS: Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain take farewell of Mrs. Baldwin at the house in Upper Brook Street for the Caxton Hall meeting, at which he won a decisive victory over the vigorous Protectionist wing

The Fifth Army.—There is something appropriate to our fresh and final conception of Lord Birkenhead's character that his voice from the grave should rise to vindicate one more victim of military injustice and official carelessness. In the posthumous *Turning Points of History*, which is not indeed literature but vigorous journalism, Lord Birkenhead's defence of the Fifth Army and "Goffy," is on the same impassioned plane as was his speech on behalf of Ethel Le Neve. And each of his clients could put up a good defence without incriminating others. I was myself in the Fifth Army, and gracefully yielded the line from Le Verguier to Amiens in as hectic a sequence of eighteen hour days as I ever remember putting in. I saw on the spot the "worn-out tools" with which Goffy was supplied to build his defence lines; the vagueness of his instructions from G.H.Q., when the push should at last come, was common talk in January, and the general lack of backing and support accorded him in preparing for defence was a subject of common anxiety all along the war-scarred Somme valleys. It is high time that Goffy had a hearing and a graceful apology from the War gods (now grown so fly-blown).

The Toll of The Road.—At the moment of the change—now nearly on us—from a speed-limit to go-as-you-please, the casualty statistics for last year are worth quoting. Colonel Pickard of the "Safety First" Association has produced some picturesque items. Last year the motor-car "cancelled" half-a-million years of normal expectation of life. Every day eighteen people are killed and 500 injured. One motor in every eighteen licensed in this country secures its victim. In the first nine months of 1930 there was an increase of 3,150 casualties over the corresponding period of 1929. Half the victims of fatal accidents are pedestrians, a quarter motor-cylists. Grown men are the easiest prey. Children and women are far more prudent. To my mind the most potent objection to removing the speed-limit is that fact that half the victims are pedestrians.

Miniature Golfers.—As if the spectacle of a grown man playing "real" golf were not comic enough, I have played my first (and, I hope, last) game of miniature golf. I was buying some collars, and was advised to visit the seventh floor. . . . I was handed a putter and hit my ball into a well-shaft, it emerged from a tunnel at my feet, ricocheted off a buttress into the hole—an "eagle," the girl attendant (or "pro.") assured me. She took me up into a high mountain, I pushed the ball over the precipice and holed out in two—a "birdie" she said. I steered my ball into a medieval cannon, in use at Blenheim, hit a toy soldier on the foot and fetched up in the green-baize foothills of a cardboard Grampian range. I holed out in 9. She took me down to a pit. I hit my ball furiously up an inclined plane. It struck a wire-netted ceiling, rebounded on to a wire-netted shop window, glanced off the shin of a gentleman inquiring for the "woollens" and caught the down-going lift in the nick of time. There are such things as miniature men.

THE OLD STAGER.

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WAR PSYCHOSIS (III)

Can Germany be Bought into a Real Peace?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Young Germany is not going to offer itself prematurely to Polish or French machine guns. You may delete the notion of Hitler's *Stosstruppen* or of Seidtl's *Stahlhelm* rushing the wretched Corridor or Silesia this year, next year. They are not for that—not yet, not, perhaps, for several years during which much may befall. The stamping of twice one hundred thousand *Stahlhelm* feet at Coblenz may have given France a jolting vision of boots, boots, boots, at her very door but the French may sleep quietly and long in their beds, behind their new defences.

You may recall that the castor oil and *Manganello* period lasted three years in Italy (1919–1922), Mussolini sailing in at the end greatly aided by a so-lethargic Rome. Germany may now be entering upon a somewhat similar period, only one emanating from a multitude of causes (above) and fraught with infinitely deeper consequences all round. On the outcome of the period, which can be profoundly influenced from without, eventual war or peace in Europe may depend. And on the likely length and trend of the period the duration of Hindenburg's life may exercise vital effect, such prestige has the old warrior garnered, from pit bottom as from *Jugend* on the heights. The period, moreover, will be utterly consecrated to Germany, without relation to external hopes and plans. The opening Hitlerite, so-called Renaissance move is exclusively to upset the existing order at home. Every effort will be bent to that. One whole and considerable section of Germany is out to wipe from view the regime and the men that made it (in its estimation) bow so low, so long. *Il faut déblayer le chemin.* A process which may take years, and then fail. For the present regime is strong (much stronger, at any rate, than I ever thought). Voted for it the other day: 25,000,000 although most certainly this aggregate will notably dwindle should Germany get no or scant revision. A compelling multitude in the Fatherland wish no more adventure and horror if peace and a passable *bien-être* can be stolidly achieved under the existing order. The *Schupos* and police have all been thoroughly weeded and seeded and are at present a powerful and reliable force (the Reichswehr is less certain but is also now being carefully combed).

While a part of pre-War German life is by no means "Stahlhelm," the Reichswehr (seen above) is well conditioned body

Braun is known as "the rock of Weimar" and he certainly seems to be the German of weightiest calibre since Stresemann, plighted to the little-by-little method of pressure and persuasion upon the the top dogs. But space ordains that I pick up the threads——.

The Germans are born dodgers. No one is saying that, rightfully, they should be helped, time after time, over stiles freely of their own making. They lost what they, more than any others, asked for. But they are in bad case to-day, and if the growing passion of German youth could be countered from steadier quarters in the country we might stand a better chance of getting through this crucial decade without war. To-day it is the Young Plan. To-morrow it will be, "If you don't disarm, I'll arm!" And the day after—but sufficient unto. It is as idle as the apprentice to talk as the French do: "We won't revise anything!" Admittedly the Roman loud-speaker is making things difficult (sound Germans recognize in him a major handicap to revision, nor do they trust one Italian after the Triplice); admittedly, also, giving things to people is a highly delicate operation—you never know how it will take them—but, to get down to the immediate brass tacks, if we want to lessen the chances of a civil clash in Germany between *Nazi* and *Rotfront*, bringing social decomposition and which the former aspire to in their own time, hoping thereby to enter the Wilhelmstrasse, there to prepare for "the war of liberation" . . . . if we wish to hinder this a positive attitude is indicated.

I said the Germans were in bad case. Walk down the Friedrichstrasse and count the number of white, pinched faces. Thread your way through the procession of women, not gaudy professionals, throwing themselves at you. To me, such things are not superficialities. To expect the Germans to pay the same amount in the darkest of winters as was fixed in prosperous days at the Hague rings wrong. And for New York and Paris! I know these things cannot be done as easily as writing about them: the Bank of International Payments exists, with a Frenchman at the head of it. But I claim to be as interested as Monsieur Quesnay in the next war, which would swamp his bank, and conceivably as *documenté*; and it seems clear that our first step in gradualness towards thrusting under the more-than-nascent war spirit in Germany is to grant a moratorium in its full implication (the latter having special reference to friend Jonathan).

It is peace policy to stretch out, elongate the link between Berlin and Rome. If we could contrive gradually to hold the interest of the former by a system of wise, timely, and careful concessions on the Treaty, we should be killing two birds with one stone since the Germany that might result of genuine goodwill and without *arrière pensée* (save among an inextinguishable extremist minority) would automatically serve to reduce Roman militancy to a farce: the principal threat to peace in the late or middle 'thirties or earlier, would be removed. Because, for war, the Duce is relying upon better soldiers than his own, to wit, upon Jerry. Yet if the Germans were happily witnessing a progressive return to something approaching their former estate would they be in such a hurry once more to read each evening *Nichts neues im Westen*, and the casualty lists? Ah, there is the whole point.

But there is the whole point, the question in a crowding hundred that remains uppermost after a week in Berlin. If Germany could be satisfied, in absolute safety to ourselves and others, two birds would be killed simultaneously in that such harnessing of genuine German goodwill in return for remarkable favours granted must squash serious Roman militancy automatically, thereby removing Europe's most threatening cloud for the late or middle thirties or earlier. With Germany satisfied, really so, and Austria absorbed as part of the satisfaction, Mussolini might indulge peaceful penetration eastwards, indeed, might be granted every facility for so doing, but as for Italians "marching" alone, waging war alone—no.

The crucial point therefore is, supposing we revise—we, late allies and associates—wash out the Young Plan, give back the Saar, Togoland, the Cameroons, start off again on a disarmed equality with the late and great enemy, give back Eupen and Malmédy and Pomorze (the uniting part of the Corridor with East Prussia), recognize the Anschluss, nay, even look again at the Upper Silesia slicing and at German minorities elsewhere . . . . supposing we embark soon upon such policy of Revision, which, of course, would take several years to bring to final fruition . . . . what guarantee have we got, could we get, that the revived Teuton Titan would not commence re-knitting his sinews, as of old, in quest of further dominion, quest which could only bring war again, just the same, but with the late victors at infinite disadvantage compared with their situation to-day? That seems to me to be the question of questions. I know I shall be accused of "thinking war"—I was at Geneva—but it is my way of thinking peace. Germany, remember, would still have lost Samoa-German South West Africa, Alsace, Lorraine, her fleet, her mercantile marine; she would still be far behind the position which discontented her so in 1914 and from which she strove so fiercely, so astonishingly, to part.

Once we proceeded to pursue a line of action which would automatically cause German pockets to expand with coin, what if that coin were passed to Von Seeckt and his merry men?

With Revision must go powerful watertight guarantees not only financial in nature.

A PEACEFUL CEREMONY IN BERLIN: The Rector of Berlin University retires. Professor Erhardt Schmidt, the old Rector, gives place to Dr. Adolf Deissmann (with beard). Inset above—MARINE RENASCENCE! The upper deck of the "Bremen," the great 50,000-ton North German Lloyd Atlantic liner

A LAST LOOK ROUND

The Week's News in Pictures

WAITING FOR THE HOUSE TO OPEN: Mr. P. J. Hanon, M.P., for Birmingham, and Lady Astor, M.P., for Plymouth, await the chance to book their seats

BUFFALOES ON PARADE: Ten thousand members of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes attended a church parade on the Horse Guards' Parade. They subsequently marched to the Cenotaph where they laid wreaths on the monument

MARRIED UNDER TWO RITES: The King and Queen of Bulgaria after the coronation ceremony and the wedding under the Orthodox faith in the Nevsky Cathedral, Sofia. Her Majesty who was Princess Giovanna of Italy, is seen above wearing the crown of the Bulgarian Queens. As Bulgaria is Orthodox, she was married under both the Roman and the Greek rites

A RELIC OF PRE-HISTORY: The bone, 9 ft. in length, weighing 140 lb., unearthed by workmen digging a sewer near the London Docks. It is believed to be a foreleg. Two feet of bone were broken off while digging it up. The spot where it was found is that on which stood the pile dwellings of antiquity

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF HARRY GOSLING, M.P.: The late leader of the transport world lay in state in Transport House. The coffin was left open that those for whom he strove might look upon his face as they bade him a last farewell

MISS EVELYN LAYE RETURNS: The popular musical comedy star who is taking up Miss Peggy Wood's part in Bitter Sweet. Miss Laye created the rôle in New York and devoted only four days to the new rehearsals which Mr. Noel Coward attended

DANCES *across the* WORLD:

The Terpsichoreans of Java, Siam, and America.

PREMIER BALLERINO OF AMERICA: Mr. Ted Shawn, in a startling costume and arm bands. The pose is reminiscent of the archaic attitudes made familiar by the excavations at Ur.

A LEADER OF THE RITUAL DANCES OF SIAM: One of the Nayanda dancers who perform evolutions consisting of a number of symbolic figures which reach a vivid climax.

THE CLASSIC MOULD OF THE EAST: A striking study of Raden Mas Todjana, a noted Javanese exponent of things terpsichorean. He has brought his exotic art to Europe.

THE NAYANDA DANCE.

Dancing ranks high amongst the arts of the Kingdom of Siam, where the theatre is of great importance. The dancers, men and women in gorgeous traditional costumes, make their graceful evolutions slowly and stately, accompanied by music in a minor key on the unusual native instruments. Popular artists are in great demand, and are as well known and appreciated here as the leaders of the Russian Ballet. Amongst these Siamese dancers the Nayanda dancers are most renowned. For three hundred years this dance has been practised and developed in the family whose special preserve it is. Through all generations the father has been the son's dancing-master and teacher. The troupe dancing ranges as follows: first the father, the son, and then follow the grandchildren. The step-sons act as drummers. The dance is one of rhythm. It is incomparable how they work up the enthusiasm by means of instrument and movement, first slow, then quicker and quicker, ever faster till—suddenly they reverse the movement to very slow again.

The Nayanda dance is not simple, but consists of a number of symbolic figures, with ever new movements added, and building up exciting pictures which, however, are beyond the comprehension of an European. Sometimes the son gives a solo dance, then the troupe dances, and the agility of their brown bodies is amazing.

Possibly the dance is of Malayan origin, for the dancers wear head-dresses of the Malayan style of decoration.

BEARING THE CRESCENT MOON ON HIS HEAD: Raden Mas Todjana, the Javanese dancer who unites great physical beauty to the beauty of his movements.

Forty Thousand Artists *in* Paris: *How they try to make a living.*

VARNISHING DAY: M. Laval, a well-known Parisian artist, puts up some of his collection to help his poorer comrades, and sits on the kerbstone patiently awaiting clients.

THE DAUBS' ACADEMY: M. Pierre Petitjean, President and originator of the Foire aux Croutes, with some of his exhibits. He is also a poet, a composer, a singer, a café proprietor, an editor, and a politican.

IN THE "ACADÉMIE GRANDE CHAUMIÈRE": Attendance at such a class—very valuable to students—costs only two marks per week.

All professions are to-day crowded, especially the artistic. There are a number of artist schools which receive beginners, in the principal artist quarter like "Montparnasse," which is truly cosmopolitan, and also in beloved "Montmartre," with its romantic traditions. There are other districts where artist people are to be found, and where the artist element predominates. But the times of the Bohemian life are over.

To-day, several brother artists club together to hire a suitable model, as by this means, instead of costing each one about 30 francs a day, it costs them only about 125 francs a month for a collective artist model. This is further advantage, as there are only a few really good professional models to be had.

There are only about a dozen artists in the front rank, whose pictures are much sought after, and the art dealers are ready to take the pictures away with the canvas still wet; but the unfortunate majority who still want to live and stay in Paris find other ways and means of selling their pictures. One ruse is for a few painters to get together in cafés or in the parks; one

[Continued above on right.

Continued.]

of them then dresses up as an American. He plays the part of the American patron, praises each individual painting, buys this one and that one, regrets he cannot buy more, and tries in this way to get the public interested to buy, and often this scheme succeeds. Or the artists go round in very conspicuous dress, or they even offer to draw lightning sketches of any lady or gentleman in the audience.

IN COWBOY GARB: M. Granovsky, a Polish artist, in the attire he affects. He is seen sitting with two of his models in an artists' café.

CROWNING the KING of KINGS

"I was very glad to entrust my son, the Duke of Gloucester, with the duty of representing me at the Coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia"

—from the King's Speech

From a
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
(who has just returned from Abyssinia)

This article, though written in the future tense, describes the programme of the coronation which took place on Saturday last

As befits one who claims descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Ras Tafari, Negus of Ethiopia, will ascend the imperial throne on November 2 amid scenes of barbaric splendour and gorgeous pageantry surpassing even Solomon in all his glory. His sonorous titles will be proclaimed again throughout the land, King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God, and the Emperor of the East will receive in State the homage of the West.

The Empress Zauditu died on April 2. Ras Tafari had been king during the closing years of her reign, and now succeeds to the imperial throne. On his succession, the Negus took the name of Haile Selassié, which means the Power of Trinity. It is a customary name in the Ethiopian royal family, and was borne by the common ancestor of the new emperor and the great Menelik II. Haile was the Christian name of Menelik's father, the King of Shoa.

The coronation ceremony will take place in the early morning hours, long before daybreak, and a myriad flaring torches will light the royal progress.

Addis Ababa, the Ethiopian capital, will be awake long before then, however, and vast crowds of all races and creeds will throng the precincts of St. George's Cathedral. This building, which is where the late Empress was crowned, is in the form of three concentric circles, and only the priests may enter the holy of holies in the inner shrine. Communicants worship in the second circle, but the vast multitude must remain in the outer circle and beyond the walls. A new extension which is being made to the church will afford places for the representatives of Foreign Powers who are attending from almost every European country and America.

His Holiness the Abuna, the most exalted dignitary of the Ethiopian church, which is Christian, will be assisted by his Beatitude the Ichegi, and all the high dignitaries of the church who will wear traditional robes heavily embroidered with gold. Then, too, there will be several hundred white-clad priests who will walk in procession to the cathedral waving palm branches. The coronation ceremony is one of stately ritual and is conducted with impressive splendour.

The crown will be brought to the cathedral in state from the Church of the Trinity where it will have lain all night in the watchful care of priests. Blessings are then invoked upon it and prayers are said for the well-being and security of the Negus. It is said that a new and more wonderful crown still will be used for this coronation, but when Ras Tafari was in England in 1924, H.M. the King restored to him the crown brought to England by Napier after the capture of Magdala. This is a gorgeous diadem and it is possible that it may be used again.

Near the cathedral will be erected a silken tent. In the middle is the golden throne, and here the Emperor will come after the coronation.

Below the daïs will be assembled the nobility and Rases of Ethiopia, some barbarically clad in lion skins and carrying their swords and round shields, others in robes of State but wearing the traditional lion's tails over their cloaks, gathered to do homage to their monarch. Nearby will stand the representatives of the kings of the earth, a prince of the Blood from England, a Maréchal of France, and so in their degrees and state.

When the chiefs have kissed hands, the foreign representatives will present gifts, and the Duke of Gloucester will present on behalf of the King three jewelled swords of wonderful craftsmanship which have been specially made in Britain by a famous firm of sword-makers. A roar of African drums will accompany the national chant, which will be led by a brass band. The strains are faintly reminiscent of the "Marseillaise," and when shouted by a vast multitude of lusty black throats it can be very impressive.

LION OF JUDAH: Ras Tafari Makonnen, King of Kings, Elect of God

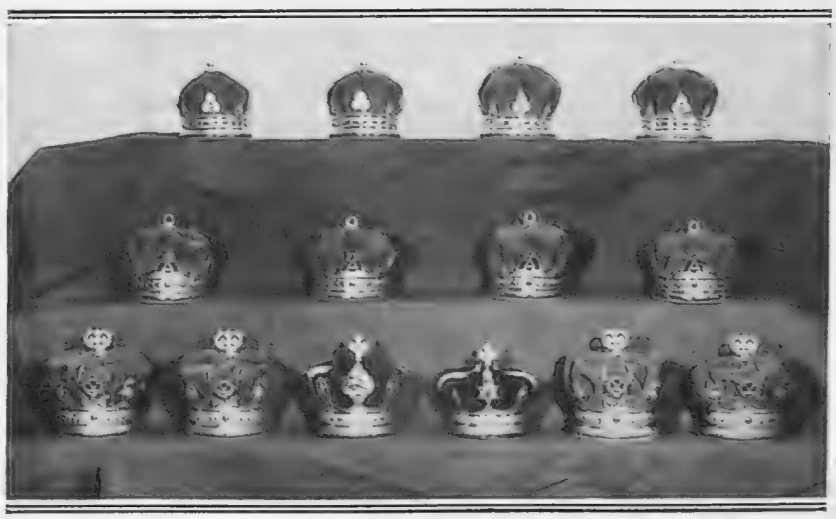
THE CATHEDRAL: The imposing edifice which will witness a ceremony reminiscent of Solomon in all his glory

A further short religious service follows the homage, and then the Emperor will drive in state to hear solemn mass. Afterwards he will be conducted in procession to the Gebbi Palace preceded by uniformed troops and followed by a retinue of warriors. A fine processional road a mile or two in length, extends from the cathedral to the Imperial Palace, and this will be decorated with Venetian masts bearing the Ethiopian colours and electrical illuminations. The royal party will drive in the great state coach which was formerly the property of the ex-Kaiser. It is drawn by six cream-coloured Austrian ponies which wear a most elaborate harness embroidered with gold and gems.

The route of the royal progress will be lined with the King's warriors clad in lions' skins and wearing the flowing mane head-dress. Ten thousand swords and spears will gleam in torchlight, and when, after sunrise, the Emperor is proclaimed and returns to his palace, a myriad flashing blades will be waved on high. Two thousand specially made flame swords of wavy design with copper beaten into the blade to complete the illusion of fire will glitter and gleam wondrously in every shaft of sunlight.

Feasting will last for seven days, and the whole of the army will make merry in relays. Red meat, barely cooked, native bread, not unlike pancakes, and wines, including sweet champagne, Chablis, red wine, and *taj*, a compound made from honey, are amongst the chief items on the menu. A special dining-hall has been prepared, and on the first day 20,000 guests are expected to dine with the Emperor. The palace servants, 3,000 strong, will serve colossal quantities of viands all day long, and the Emperor and his Empress, Waizero Menan, will sit in the gold-brocaded rooms from dawn to sunset feasting with their guests.

Ras Tafari is an enlightened and educated man. Slightly built and of medium height he has progressive ideas and has done much already toward the development of his country. Instead of living in the Gebbi, a rambling mass of odd-shaped buildings enclosed behind a series of high walls, and which was formerly the palace of the Emperor Menelik II, Ras Tafari lives in a modern European house. He has a private cinema, prints a weekly newspaper there, and has replaced some of his state horses by motor-cars.



FOR THE ETHIOPIAN NOBILITY: The coronets—one for the prince, one for the princess, and one each for four dukes, four counts, and four barons, designed and made in London for the coronation ceremony. The two royal coronets are in royal blue, the others in crimson. The emblems include the Lion of Judah, facing the Rising Sun; the Cross of Ethiopia and the Abyssinian Star

Addis Ababa, which means New Flower, is the latest of the many capitals of Ethiopia, and is a curious mixture of East and West. The bazaar has all the medley of the East, and the booths are owned by Greeks, Russians, Italians, Armenians, and French. The capital, however, is being transformed out of all recognition for the coronation. High fences are being built to shut off the native quarters, and instead of an interesting undeveloped African town, visitors will see a modern and pseudo-European city. Gardens are being laid out, electric lighting installed in the main streets, and roads are being made in feverish haste in readiness for what is undoubtedly one of the great days in Ethiopian history.

THE MECCA OF THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS: The shrine of Sheikh Adi. The two fluted conical towers standing against the scrub are common to Yezidi temples

Between the Persian plateau and the Syrian desert are established a number of those religious minorities which are thorns in the side of the League of Nations.

Here are Armenians fugitive from a chauvinistic Turkey, and Yezidis pledged to worship the Devil for 4,000 years. Here are Chaldeans and Nestorians, lineal descendants of a sect founded by Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who was excommunicated and banished by the third council of the Church at Ephesus in 431 A.D.

Here are monophysite hermits living in caves among the rocks; Magians, who worship the eternal fire; Manichæans, whose founder attempted in the third century to blend the doctrines of Christ and Zoroaster; Sabians, who are baptized once a week and who venerate running water, together with the Mandæans, or "Christians of St. John," whose gnosticism is probably derived from Babylon. And here also are a few isolated Samaritans, with the last of the moon-worshippers who once lived at Charran, holy city of the moon-deity Sin, and some who still reverence the fish as the symbol of creation, with Jonah as their prophet and a vast legendary monster—possibly the whale—as the arch ruler of a cosmic hierarchy.

It is a region of conflicting faiths and tongues, where Turk, Kurd, and Persian, Moslem and Christian, Assyrian, Armenian, and Jew all speak their own languages, while each religion has a dialect as unintelligible to its neighbours as the ritual which it has inherited from the days of Prester John.

Most interesting of all is the creed of the Yezidis, who believe that Christ will rule the world only when the Devil's course is run. Consequently, though they acknowledge the two principles of good and evil, they propitiate the latter in the form of Melek Taus, the Peacock King.

Of Kurdish stock and dialect, these worshippers of Satan call themselves Dasnayi, but the Shias claim them as an heretical sect descended from Yezid, son of the Omeiyad Caliph, Mouawiya, murderer of Hussein. More likely the word Yezidi is derived from Yazdan, the Persian for omnipotence.

Among the early Christians the peacock was the emblem of immortality, and it is still sacred among the Hindoos. Tammuz, originally from Taus, was a name for the indestructible beauty of Adonis, and throughout Persia the term peacock is applied to every unknown monument, from the tomb of Cyrus to fire-altars once sacred to Baal.

Since the days of Tamerlane, who watched the destruction of what is now Angora, at the portals of the West, the Yezidis have been persecuted by neighbours who regard their faith as blasphemy. Turks and Kurds in turn have attacked and decimated a sturdy peasant race which asks no more than to be left alone to cultivate its crops. At the present time there are probably not more than 60,000 Yezidis, divided between Jebel Sinjar, on the borders of Syria, and Sheikh Adi, the Mecca of the sect, where is buried the prophet of the same name.

From the Persian Zoroastrians, the Yezidis have inherited their adoration of the sun, and from a still older cult their pantheistic worship of Nature. Iranian metaphysics have crept into it, with a tincture of Essenic philosophy. The Yezidis sacrifice white oxen to the sun. They kiss the ground where its rays first rest and adore both sunset and sunrise. At the same time, so wide is their tolerance, that they accept the inspiration of the Talmud, the Bible, and the Koran. They pray in Arabic and they believe that the ice-cold water which gushes out of the rock in the southern nave of Sheikh Adi is brought miraculously from the sacred Meccan well Zem-Zem. This is the spring which, breaking suddenly out of the western Arabian desert, is supposed to have saved the life of the banished Hagar and of her son Ishmael, who afterwards married a daughter of the Qoreish, kings of Mecca, from whom are descended the Prophet Muhammad and the present rulers of Iraq and Trans-Jordan.

The Yezidis reverence the peacock as the emblem of their Satanic Lord, as the Christians the Cross, the Zoroastrians flame, and the Moslems the black stone in the Ka'aba of Mecca. They have seven emblems of the sacred bird, all wrought in bronze. Of these one remains at Sheikh Adi, while the others are borne in procession through the different Yezidi villages to stimulate faith and charity.

Like the Christians they baptize, like the Moslems they circumcise, like the Abyssinian Copts they practise a painful form of clitorodochtomy, like the Jews they refrain from eating those animals who neither chew the cud nor part the hoof. With the Mandæans they avoid the colour blue, possibly because it is an appurtenance of running water, and with the rare worshippers of the moon and fish they celebrate a lunar month and a tidal calendar. They honour Moses, Melek Isa (the King, Jesus), Muhammad, Mani (founder of the Manichæan sect), and the Imam Mahdi, yet they are not, in the eyes of Islam, among those "People of the Book" for whom the Koran enjoins a certain tolerance. And their list of forbidden foods includes the cock as being too like their sacred bird, the gazelle because his eyes resemble those of Sheikh Adi, the fish as a compliment to Jonah, lettuces, beans, marrows, and other vegetables which might possibly appeal to pea-fowl.

The holy books of the Yezidis consist of the *Book of Revelation* and the later *Black Book*, with the *Kitab el Jalweh*, which is a proclamation of allegiance to Satan beginning with his proud assertion, "I was, I am, and I shall be unto the end of time, ruling over all creatures and ordering the affairs and deeds of all who are under my sway." The *Black Book* is a drastic rendering of Creation and of the miraculous origin of the Yezidis. No devil-worshipper says "my brother" to any but a member of his own faith. Others he addresses as "my friend" because he is not of the same human seed. For according to their own legend the Yezidis are descended from the union of Adam with a dark lady brought to him by the Devil. So great was Eve's jealousy that no actual marriage could take place, but from the sweat of these two buried in a certain place according to the Devil's orders, was born the first member of a faith which has known innumerable martyrs and no renegades.

SACRED TO "SHAITAN": The doorway of the Yezidi shrine at Sheikh Adi. The traditional sculptured snake is against the wall, and the Mir is on the extreme right

For a thousand years Satan has never been denied by one of his followers, although a relentless persecution has reduced their number to less than a quarter of its ancient strength.

The Yezidis are gentle, simple, and very courteous. They are hospitable and they will not take money for their services. With their curled black beards and accentuated features they are not unlike the bulls beloved of Assyrian sculptors, and their courage is unquestioned. When, during the Great War, Hormoshero, the heroic headman of Jebel Sinjar, received an offer of £5 a head from Turkey for the three thousand Armenians to whom he had given shelter, he read no further than the first sentence of the letter. "Tear it up," he ordered, "for to burn it would be to pollute the fire we hold sacred."

With RO

THE

The Strang
Persecutio

SITA FORBES *in the* NEAR EAST (II)

DEVIL = WORSHIPPERS of MESOPOTAMY

Sect of the Yezidis, whose Cult of Evil produces Peaceful and Virtuous Lives; who have sustained and Produced no Traitor; and whose Mythology Synthesizes the Religions of Many Lands

Considerable mystery veils the origin of Sheikh Adi, for the divergent traditions assert that the Prophet of the Yezidis was a Sufi saint of the twelfth century and a Kurdish husbandman of the thirteenth. The former was of the Omeiyad dynasty and the latter the steward of a Nestorian monastery, who, with the aid of his two sons and their Mongol wives, turned out the Christian monks and made them into shepherds, while with their accumulated possessions he founded a Yezidi sanctuary. Both origins are blended in the present legend, which attributes to Sheikh Adi all the qualities of the royal mystic and of the unfaithful servant who lived a hundred years later.

All Yezidis are affiliated as brothers to some sheikh whose duty it is to bury them. For this service he receives the clothes of the deceased, and for a year after the funeral the dead man's food is brought to the house of his spiritual brother.

Wives are bought on the instalment principle for sums ranging from £50 to £200. The suitor makes a verbal agreement with the girl's father for so much produce or so many hours' labour to be provided annually, and as soon as the matter is arranged—without a contract, for the word of one Yezidi to another is inviolate as a law of Medes and Persians—the bride is sent to the house of her future master, where a sheep or a fowl is killed on the threshold. The girl steps over the spilled blood, and the priest then blesses the couple, marking the girl with the blood in token of the sacrifice of her virginity.

The Yezidis are ruled by the Mir, who, as High Priest, is temporal and spiritual ruler of a singularly obedient flock. With his old mother, a lady of independent and vigorous character, he lives in feudal state at the castle of Ba Idris. Tithes are paid to him. The best lands are his by inalienable right. The most beautiful women are offered him, for the Yezidis are polygamists, but his life is not an easy one, for very few Mirs die natural deaths. They are much more apt to be murdered for their position, which does not depend on primogeniture but is hereditary among the family owning Ba Idris.

The present Mir is a young man, tall and slender, with large, mournful eyes, and an immensely long beard. He has a soft, gentle voice, and though I was with him for some hours, I never saw him smile. He was wearing the red and white kufiya affected in Iraq by Sunni Moslems, but he would not be photographed in it lest in the print it should come out blue.

The valley in which is the sanctuary of Sheikh Adi is holy ground. In it nothing may be killed except for sacrifice, and no tree may be cut down. The shrine, surmounted by two white fluted cones, stands in a thicket of mulberries, and its delightful courts are full of trees under which rest the hundreds of pilgrims who visit the tomb of their Prophet. Beside the door of the main building a snake is carved and blackened with charcoal in memory of the days when either the Sufi or the Steward sat on a stone in the Eastern sunshine and preached such wisdom to his handful of followers that a serpent creeping out of its hole intent on attack, found the venom dried on its fangs, and was immediately converted, so that it instituted itself the guardian of the newly acclaimed prophet.

The shrine is served by a hierarchy consisting of seven orders, of which the Mir alone represents the highest. Below him come the sheikhs or priests; the pirs or preachers: the quchaqs, musicians who chant to the accompaniment of cymbal and drum; the fakirs, who dance at festivals and tend the sacred flame which is never extinguished, and which, fed on herbal oil, is smokeless; the qawals, who prepare the dead for burial and wail their litanies; and the servants, who refine the oil and wait on the guests of Sheikh Adi, from whom every pilgrim receives three days of free hospitality.

The fakirs wear black shirts and turbans and white cotton trousers in memory of their prophet to whom is ascribed such a costume, and for ceremonial occasions the Mir is entirely dressed in black with a plaited skull cap, shallow as an inverted saucer.

Among these quiet and kindly people there is no education except for a few chosen families. None of the women can read or write. When the British Government opened a school at Jebel Sinjar it happened that four of the pupils were drowned in a flood, and this was naturally considered proof that Satan disapproved of education.

"It must come perhaps," said the Mir, "with other evils, but it is forbidden by our law."

It is not likely that the course of schoolteachers will run smoothly, for no Yezidi will use any word beginning with *sh*, or any which rhymes with *shaitan*, the Arabic term of opprobrium for the Devil. Consequently such nouns as *shatt*, the common Mesopotamian for river, will have to be eliminated. Young as he is, the Mir has five wives, and when I asked him if such a system was successful in the villages, where the houses consist at most of two mud-built compartments, he replied, "With you women have power, so one is quite enough for any man, but here they do not count at all."

ROSITA FORBES.

WORSHIPPERS AT A SMOKELESS FIRE: Zoroastrian women at Yezd, who are Magians

MUSLIM IN NAME ONLY: Lurs of Luristan who are worshippers of Baal in the high places of their impenetrable mountains

WITH THE UNDYING FLAME: A fakir at the shrine of Sheikh Adi, clad in the costume ascribed to the founder of the Satanic cult of the Yezidis

IMPERIAL ASHES

The Last Resting-place of the Habsburgs

Two of the beautifully carved coffins: On left is seen the coffin containing the remains of an Emperor and Empress with the crowns placed on the top, and right, a coffin containing the remains of a Habsburg King, showing the crown surmounting it

A Capuchin monk praying at his little praying-stool in the Catacombs of the Habsburgs in Vienna

A view looking through the great vaults showing some of the beautiful ornamental coffins

A Capuchin monk by the side of the beautiful carved coffin of the Empress Maria Therese of Austria

THE CAMERA REVEALS THE TOMBS OF AUSTRIAN EMPERORS

An exclusive series of views were recently taken in the Royal Catacombs of the Habsburgs in Vienna without the assistance of artifical lighting, and these are reproduced above. The Royal Catacombs are situated under the Church of the Capuchin Order in Vienna where all the Emperors and Kings of Austria and Hungary for the past 800 years are laid to rest in marvellous costly coffins in beautiful stone vaults which are ever illuminated with tiny lights. The last member of Royalty to be laid in the vaults was Emperor Charles of Austria and Hungary who was brought to Austria for his last resting-place from Madeira, where he had been in exile after his dethronement. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the world, particularly English and American tourists, visit the beautiful Catacombs when touring Austria

The less ornate coffins in the great Habsburg Catacomb, containing the remains of Archdukes and other relatives of the Royal Family. Inset above—A Capuchin monk praying at the little altar in the Royal Catacomb of the Habsburgs in Vienna

BRITAIN'S

New Home in

WASHINGTON

Voted the most Attractive Embassy in U.S.A.

THE SWIMMING POOL IN THE GROUNDS: One of the great attractions in the new British Embassy at Washington

ON THEIR OWN SOIL: The portraits of the King and Queen that hang on the staircase wall

THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE is flanked with pictures of the King and the late King. Through the door is seen the Ambassador's study

THE END OF THE BALL-ROOM: The imposing, yet restful and "livable" state apartment in the new Embassy

NEO-COLONIAL: The new British Embassy building has in it elements reminiscent both of the modernistic and the Colonial styles. It is situated on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue. In it hang imposing portraits of the Royal family on the only soil in the United States which is still British. Sir Ronald Lindsay succeeded Sir Esme Howard this year

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR IN THE U.S.A.: The Hon. Sir Ronald Lindsay, brother of the Earl of Crawford, Premier Earl of Scotland

Autumn SPORT *in the* Highlands

THE BANKS AND BRAES: Mr. Fernard Docker casting in the waters of the Tytt at Forest Lodge, Blair Atholl, Perthshire

A HIGH SHOT AT GROUSE as they come over one's head standing in the high grass

THE PRIZE. The kill loaded on to a pony to be taken back to Forest Lodge

PREPARATION FOR A DAY'S STALKING: Activity outside Forest Lodge, Blair Atholl, Perthshire, with a great shoulder of the hills in the background

The Vaporous Roof of the Metropolis: *A blanket of cloud riding over a mile above London. The fleecy billows totally obscure the glaring lights of the City. The aerial regions are a wilderness in which all things mortal lose their being. So fantastic are some formations of cloud that they stir the sensibilities of even the most callous of aviators*

OVER LONDON ON A CLOUDY DAY

Everything Hidden but a Glint of Dockland

"The Thames, a Silver Riband, in the Mist": *Dimly looming through the vaporous clouds, the great buildings of London take on an unearthly aspect. Reality seems but illusion, and the phantasmal clouds the sole reality*

The SPURIOUS FAME *of* RONALD FIRBANK

The effort to popularize work deservedly unread and to resurrect an author best left in oblivion, criticized by CECIL ROBERTS

Here is a memoir, *Ronald Firbank* (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), written by a friend, Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, and with additional reminiscences by Lord Berners, Augustus John, Osbert Sitwell, and V. B. Holland. If one refuses to be irritated throughout by the assumption that this dilettante was a writer of some importance, the subject of it is bizarre enough to provide a very interesting study. Ronald Firbank published a number of short books that would not sell. Knowing this, he published them in very small editions, possibly at his own expense. He, like many others doomed to obscurity, was quite certain that he was a man of genius. His vanity was inordinate. Possessing ample means, he commissioned some of the best artists of the day to paint his portrait. Somehow he managed to believe that he was a figure of beauty. His vanity, his Narcissism, and less mentionable characteristics would not matter at all if he had written anything of value. But they are now all mentioned in the attempt to present the portrait of a genius.

We live in a curious age. It is a favourite trick of authors, whose work is so bad that it has no chance of ever being bought, to make a virtue of their handicap and issue themselves in very limited editions. There is now a craze among collectors of such editions who buy them, as other speculators buy tobacco shares, in the hope that their value will rise. The craze has been carried to such lengths that the most palpable rubbish is tricked out in hand-made paper, signed by the author, and disposed of at two, three, and four guineas a copy. The small edition *de luxe* was once the hall-mark of famous authors with great sales. It is now the habit of obscure scribblers with no sales.

MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, the Scotch-Canadian *litterateur*, whose new book, "Melody and the Lyric," has just been published by Dent. Although Mr. Gibbon lives in Canada he is well-known in British journalistic circles, having at one time edited the illustrated weekly, "Black and White." He afterwards entered the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway as British publicity manager of that famous organization, and in 1913 was transferred to Montreal as director-in-chief of all its world-wide publicity and advertising. "Melody and the Lyric" is a serious contribution to musical history, it is illustrated with 200 musical illustrations, and shows how poets wrote for music from Chaucer to the Restoration. Readers interested in old English music will find here a wealth of information, and students of poetry will obtain valuable material showing the influence of music upon the physical form of the lyric

Firbank is no longer obscure, but a re-reading of his works confirms the impression that he remains a scribbler. He wrote for the very Bright Young People and cultivated inanity in prose. Then America discovered that his work was hard to obtain, the collectors began to bid for his obscurest books—and Firbank was made. The more the critics pointed out that most of his writing was poor stuff, strong in perversity and indecent innuendo, and weak in wit, the more certain it became that here was a man of genius over the heads of the public. An American author, Carl Van Vechten, who aroused some hope in Futuristic circles with his *Nigger Heaven*, but has since exhibited a steady decline to mere violence and obscenity, wrote of Firbank:

> "He is the Pierrot of the Minute. *Plus chic que le futurisme.* Aubrey Beardsley in a Rolls-Royce. Sacher-Masoch in Mayfair. "*A Rebours*" *à la mode.* Aretino in Piccadilly. Jean Cocteau at the Savoy. The Oxford Tradition with a dash of the Paris *bains de vapeur.* . . . Firbank plays Picasso's violin."

This of course means nothing at all except Mr. Van Vechten showing off his modern cosmopolitan culture. And at his worst, Firbank is not so bad as that; there are moments of lucidity in his desperate originality. Firbank's untimely death, the difficulty of obtaining his books, and the passion displayed by the collectors, have resulted in sufficient curiosity being aroused to encourage a cheap edition of his works. He must now stand the real test of being read.

Meanwhile this strange, unbalanced character has aroused some curiosity regarding himself. His friends have here combined to satisfy it.

They have performed their task admirably. The book is absorbing and extremely readable. Firbank reads like a caricature of the *Yellow Book*. He was decadance carried to the last degree of a comfortable income and a lack of humour. Mr. Ifan Fletcher's name is new to me but his biographical memoir exhibits a remarkable gift of writing. His utter frankness may have completely damned the subject of his memoir, but of his capacity to present a living figure there can be no doubt. He withholds nothing and attempts no apology. Firbank lives in all his perversity, vanity, eccentricity, and unhappy nervousness. At the end, one's pity is evoked for this ill-jest of Nature's, and literature may have been robbed of a singular creator by the capricious functioning of a gland. At moments amid the jangle we are near to fine music.

I cannot forget a most uncomfortable hour spent at his side at a public dinner given to C. R. Nevinson, on his departure for America. Firbank's behaviour, alluded to in this memoir, drew upon him the attention of the whole room. It is ridiculous to suggest that a high sense of humour accounted for this behaviour of a degenerate ass. In other hands one wonders whether Firbank's health and reputation would not have fared better. A delicate, lonely child, spoiled by an adoring mother, with money sufficient to enable him to pursue his peccadilloes in the four corners of the earth, he was not helped by those who, tolerating his ludicrous dilettantism, now claim early recognition of genius.

> "Once or twice we had supper together at the Eiffel Tower, and he would get wildly excited and murmur faster and faster while his voice dropped lower and lower. Champagne went straight to his head, and when he became slightly drunk, he would lose all sense of direction, and put caviare on the end of his nose instead of in his mouth."

He came of good stock, a self-made, hard-headed grandfather who built railways, a father with an honourable public career, a mother of great personal charm. The rot set in early, for he was allowed to escape school, and at Cambridge the laxness of the University allowed him to linger without sitting for a single examination. After that he drifted and drifted, feeding his vanity in solitude and nursing the illusion that he was a great writer. He would not speak to an ugly person or to women, "while others thought of vice and virtue, he was concerned about vulgarity and elegance." He sat in curtained and shadowed twilight amid candles, "he was always writhing about and admiring his hands" which glinted with the sombre colours of his rings, and he left sentences unfinished, or "would lose his climax in torrents of hoarse, helpless laughter."

And so to the last sad scene, his death in Rome, alone and, as if perversity must follow him all his unhappy life, he was buried, a Roman Catholic, in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. It would have pleased him to know he lay near Keats and Shelley, but, says Lord Berners, "the nightingales that attended Ronald's funeral were presumably Papists for they did their utmost to drown the voice of the officiating clergyman."

Perhaps the best service Firbank rendered to literature was the provoking of this most admirably written memoir. I observed last week that I would like to see Mr. Osbert Sitwell address his talents to writing something pleasant about people after the easier studies in cynicism he has given us. Well, here is a pleasant study, and there should be no more questioning after this, that, at his best, he is an admirable artist. His study is a gem, none the less distinguished by its setting amid other gems of the biographical *genre*.

MISS JOYCE DENNYS, who in private life is Mrs. Tom Evans, has just published through Mr. John Lane a delightful little volume which will intrigue the medical world and all those who come in contact with it. It is entitled "Mrs. Dose the Doctor's Wife." It deals with gentle satire of the rise of Harley Street specialists, and other matters relating to the world of consultations, operations, and nursing homes. The little volume is cleverly illustrated by the author

In his large survey *Since Then* (Heinemann. 15s.) Sir Philip Gibbs has undertaken a gigantic task. He has written a record, mostly based on personal investigation, of all that has happened politically since the end of the War. I am a fairly wide reader of foreign affairs, for which I have to go to the American newspapers, which are immeasurably superior in that respect to the British, and have travelled extensively in post-War Europe, but I am dismayed at the very considerable gaps that exist in my knowledge of the continent on encountering this book. We have a dim comprehension of the Greek tragedy, we are fairly well posted in the Russian drama and the mutilation of Hungary, but here is a vivid comprehensive account of terrible and astonishing things happening in far corners of Europe which we, engrossed in more pressing matters at home, have scarcely heeded.

Sir Philip has given here the saga of the White Armies. Here are the Deniken and Wrangel tragedies plainly related, with Winston Churchill emerging as the prophet fulfilled. The reign of Bela Kun in Budapest, and the menace of the Turks after the Greek tragedy, fill one with the consciousness that we were living on the edge of a volcano. To those to whom Pilsudski is just a name, the chapter in this book outlining his achievement, puts on record one of the most remarkable figures of our age. Sentenced to be shot by the Germans, saved by the Austrians, imprisoned by the Germans, he made his escape during the Revolution. His life reads like a cheap novel—sent to Siberia, active in secret service, in exile in the East End of London, imprisoned in a fortress, leader of the Polish legion, and now Dictator.

Sir Philip Gibbs does not claim to be writing contemporary history. His account is a personal one, the interpretation of events is often interspersed with his own experiences, but he has presented a comprehensive and vivid survey of post-War Europe which will be indispensable to all those who wish to follow modern politics. I could wish that a copy of this book, so sane in spirit, so reasonable and broadminded, could be placed in the hands of every boy and girl of school age throughout the country. It is much more vivid and vital to intelligent action than the dead bones of history, upon which the younger generation is fed.

Mr. Francis Brett Young has given us another long novel in *Jim Redlake* (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). It lacks the distinction of *My Brother Jonathan*, and I never quite feel that Redlake is anything more than a literary puppet, and has been used as a means for the author to give a survey of his own wide experiences in England and Africa. The mother deserts her husband, a thoroughly disagreeable author, and leaves the

(*Continued on p.* 294)

briefly commended

A list of recommended books covering a wide field.

The Life of Rabelais, by *Jean Plottard* **(Routledge. 15s. net).**—A sane study of a man about whom there is a network of myth and conjecture, as readable as it is scholarly.

A Book of the Basques, by *Rodney Gallop* **(Macmillan. 15s. net).**—All about this delightful corner of Europe, its people, customs, songs, dances, and folk-lore. It is extremely well illustrated and documentated.

Restoration Verses (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net).—An anthology of the Restoration Poets 1660–1715, with copious notes.

Charing Cross Bridge, by *Arthur Keen* **(Benn. 21s. net).**—A study of the problems presented by the Charing Cross Bridge scheme.

The Italian Artists as Men, by *Norman Hill* **(Marriott. 12s. 6d. net).**—A series of short lives of the artists, each with a beautiful illustration, and a concise interpretation of the influence of the times upon the painter.

Gustavus Adolphus, by *Lieut.-General Sir George Mac-Munn* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 18s. net).** The history of the great King of Sweden, the champion of Protestantism and the saviour of his country. A neglected figure of heroic mould is here strikingly portrayed.

Steinhauer (Bodley Head. 18s. net).—The story of a leading German spy whose exploits surpass anything imagined by a nervous aunt in the height of war hysteria. He was the Kaiser's jackal, and a master eavesdropper.

It's a Fine World, by *Robert Lynd* **(Methuen).** A collection of "YY's," delightful essays ranging from grousers to sneaks and the arctic life.

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

Chiang Kai-shek a Christian: Lourdes of the Hellenes: Japan Honours Her Dead

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, A CHRISTIAN CONVERT: The President of Nationalist China has been baptized as a Christian by a Chinese Methodist pastor. The ceremony took place at the Shanghai residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Soong. Mei Ling, the Chiang Kai-shek's wife, was educated in America, is a Christian of long standing. Ten divisions of Government troops were sent to check the Red forces on the actual day of the ceremony

AN ORIENTAL CEREMONY IN OCCIDENTAL GARB: Leaders of the Seiyukai of Japan assembled in the Hongwan Temple on the anniversary of the death of Baron Giiche Tanaka, Mr. Mukai, President of the Opposition, is seen above in native dress

THE LOURDES OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH: A scene at Tinos, the Aegean island, where is enshrined a miraculous ikon of the Virgin. The beneficent influence of this picture is alleged to have saved for 20 years the life of one of the Early Constantines, who hovered between life and death for 20 years. Not only Greeks, but of late a regular pilgrimage visit Tinos every year in much the same manner as members of the Roman Church make pilgrimage to Lourdes. It is on this influx that much of the prosperity of the 12,000 islanders depends. The strange feature of the ceremonial lies in the fact that the devout—men, women, children, the halt, the lame, and the blind—lie down in the road to be trodden on by the priests, who pass in all their panoply of splendour bearing the ikon above. Many instances of thaumaturgic healing have been recorded. It is said that the priests wear especially soft shoes

TRADITIONAL OF HELLAS: An interesting study just received of the persistence of type, both in person and in pottery, of things Greek. The vase is quite Mycenean. Only the dress shows traces of the Turkish influence

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

MUSSOLINI OF THE NORTH.—Against Red Russia's Communist activities in Finland, "Land of a Thousand Lakes," has arisen a Fascist "Mussolini of the North" in the person of Vihtori Kosola, nicknamed "Kosolini," because of his alleged physical resemblance to the Duce of Italy.

To "the same penetratingly stern expression of keen, brown eyes, and high forehead" his followers add parallel phases of political activity in Kosola's favour. Mussolini's famous March on Rome was emulated—with less spectacular result it is true—by "Kosolini's March on the Finnish capital in July at the head of '12,000 'Lappo Men,'" since when he has assumed ever-increasing importance in the public eye.

Fanatical patriot and political worker of long years, whose youthful dream was to free Finland from Russia, "Kosolini" played a big rôle in his country's struggle for political independence. He now jealously interprets Communist activity in Finland as a threat against her liberty.

In spite of the fact that he has been claimed as the people's "Dictator" and heralded by a portion of the Press as "the most powerful man in the country whose words and actions may carry greater weight than those of President or Prime Minister," Vihtori Kosola has not yet come out with a programme of domination or Dictatorship. He is consolidating his position as a national figure and, for the time being, content to provide dynamic impetus to the present anti-Communist campaign.

AIR SPORT OR BUSINESS?—Britain leads the world in sportsmanship in the air. Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith's splendid record flight from Heston to Australia in eleven days in a British Avro-Avian sports aeroplane with a Gipsy motor, has again confirmed and emphasized that fact. The fine effort by Flight-Lieutenant C. W. Hill in the race to Australia, too, was no less a confirmation of British sportsmanship in the air, even though the successful achievement of his goal was marred by bad luck.

Britain leads the world in private flying, in the sportsmanship and skill of its private owner-pilots, in the safety of its light 'planes such as the Moths, Avro-Avians, and Desoutters, in the dependability of its light aero engines. Not even America with its 14,312 pilots, 9,151 'planes of all descriptions, and 1,671 airports and landing-fields surpasses us in this department of flying.

It is regrettable that these indisputable qualities of men, women, and machines which have combined to establish such unrivalled prestige for Britain in the air are not finding more rapid expression in practical development of fast aerial transport and communication between England and the Dominions. There we lag and let others push ahead of us. Even Canada has more American than British aeroplanes. It was the Americans and not the British who organized the air transport in the British West Indies. The Americans have these days signed a £600,000 contract with the Chinese Ministry of Communications for air-lines in China on which, of course, American 'planes are to be used.

Are we concentrating too much on sport in the air, neglecting the field of business in the air which America and Germany have long been diligent in exploiting?

England has 295 private 'planes. She has twenty-eight 'planes in commercial transport service. Germany has less than twenty-five private 'planes, but 142 in commercial air traffic, with another hundred civil aircraft in reserve for her air-lines.

Germany is concentrating scientific and inventive genius on transportation by land, sea, and in the air, as not even America is doing. With the *Bremen* and the *Europa* Germany has captured from us the blue riband of the Atlantic. There seems no early prospect for us to recapture that emblem of speed supremacy. In the *Graf Zeppelin* Germany possesses the only really successful airship. In the Junkers four-motored, 30-ton *G. 38* she has the largest land 'plane in the world. Its practical use, except as a long-distance freight-carrier, is still perplexing its owners. The German Dornier twelve-engined *Do X*, 60-ton gross, standard weight, monster flying-ship, is the largest seaplane in existence. A few days ago the Germans sprung another transport sensation—a "Zeppelin on rails" propelled by air-screw driven by motor, at 94 m.p.h.

A TRANSPORT REVOLUTION.—The Germans are now building a Stratosphere 'plane, which if scientific calculations should be fulfilled, would fly from Berlin to New York in ten to twelve hours. That would solve the trans-ocean air transport problem, and scrap all other commercial aircraft for long-distance air traffic.

The inventor is Herr Asmuss Hansen, a young German of Danish origin, who for some years has specialized in high altitude flying, and concentrated on the study of aerial transport in the air strata that lie above ten miles from the earth, where there are no storms or variable winds, and the thin air permits of great speed.

An entire complex of major and minor problems calls for scientific solution in connection with this dream of 500 m.p.h. travel in the stratosphere. For several years German air-officialdom would not seriously examine Herr Hansen's ideas, experiments, or inventions for a stratosphere 'plane. The next we heard was that the German scientific body called the "Wissenschaftliche Not Gemeinschaft," composed of leading scientists, had voted the necessary money to construct an experimental aircraft on Hansen's lines that is expected to climb about ten miles above the earth's surface. It is being constructed at the Junker's Works in Dessau.

JAPAN'S GREATEST COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR: A great concert which lasted five days marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the musical activity of Mr. Kosaku Yamada. It was held at the municipal Auditorium, Hibiya Park, Tokio, and was attended by the leading artists. Above are: Miss Abe, Miss Sekiya, Mr. Yamada, Mrs. Yamada and Mrs. Matsudaira

The cabin is airtight, probably double, with special instruments and apparatus to ensure an atmosphere, pressure, and warmth approximating, in that region where it is more than 70 deg. below zero, the conditions obtaining near the surface of the earth. A specially-constructed compressor maintains the power of the engine. The propeller is unique. Experiences and results obtained from exploration and research in the extreme altitudes with this experimental craft are then to be embodied in a stratosphere travel aircraft, which the modern Jules Vernes of science believe will be able to fly from London to Australia in 24 hours.

Scoffers there are, always will be, but they have never yet halted human progress. Aviation has reached a point where it is up against a wall. Neither size of craft nor multiplicity of engines has solved the economic problems connected with aviation. It is not self-sustaining. For trans-ocean and other long-distance air traffic, who knows but that solution lies in the stratosphere, ten to fifteen miles above the earth.

QUEST AND BEQUEST.—Stranger than the vagaries of fiction-created eccentrics, are some of the provisions in recent wills. Mr. J. B. Fraser-Ross of Algiers left a fortune to Muhammad Ben Said Iquerbouchen on condition that he does not marry a European girl. "I consider that a girl of European birth would only make him a bad wife and render him unhappy," the will reads, "my wishes being that he should marry a girl of Muhammadan birth." In addition, Mr. Fraser-Ross hopes that Muhammad will wear the dress of his country, and "at no future time will live either in Austria, Germany, or German Switzerland."

In leaving his daughter £23,642, Mr. Henry Lakeman of South Norwood required that she should be trained "to rely on herself to earn her living." While Mr. John Q. Murray of Los Angeles exacted that his twenty-two-year-old grand-daughter beneficiary must never bob her hair, use lip-stick, paint her face, go to dances or cinemas, display gold or jewellery, wear clothes too short at either end. In respect of a grandson, the same individual stipulated that the young man should not attend dances or cinemas, and must never wear a Charlie Chaplin moustache.

Instructing his widow to pay for aeronautical training for the children of his employees, David Guggenheim, copper magnate, left a large sum in his will disposing of £10,000,000 for the development of aviation. The widow of Dr. George White Drabble of Walton-on-Thames loses about £200,000 if she remarries, while in sharp contrast Mrs. Margaret d'Este Egerton of Hungerford, Berks, bequeathed a legacy for her husband's second wife in case he should remarry and replace her. Not only that, but Mrs. Egerton makes provision for any children of the second marriage.

Irish Mr. Doherty, who had lived most of his life in Lagos, West Africa, bequeathed his entire fortune of some £600,000 to be divided amongst his sixteen negress wives and their fifty children. Many a novelist would have a hard time to surpass the fantasies of some of these dead rulers of the living.

AMATEUR *v.* PROFESSIONAL. — The age-old rivalry between Geisha, traditional ornamental entertainers, and the hitherto repressed Japanese housewife, is reaching a piquante crisis.

The Geisha Guild, most powerful "trade Union" in Japan, has for generations played a great part in the successful frustration of feminine emancipation in the Flowery Land. Emancipated womanhood, educated to associate with, and to entertain their menfolk in the family, as is the custom in Western society, threatened the very foundations of the Geisha stronghold. When I was in Japan, Geisha House keepers very seriously told me that once wives and daughters appeared in public, or acquired "drawing-room accomplishments," professional entertainers would become unnecessary.

But progress will not be denied, and I explained in these columns last week, how the Geisha themselves are flocking to the new schools inaugurated by the far-sighted and astute Geisha Guild, where they will receive a modern education in intellectual subjects, instruction in athletics, Western dancing, and domestic economy, the better to equip them to hold their own against the persistent onslaughts of the increasing numbers of modernized Japanese women.

These latter, in turn, have decided to keep their men at home by defeating the Geisha at their own game. Until now, the playing and singing to the samisen has been practically the monopoly, and one of the chief attractions of the gay Geisha.

Renaming the samisen the "Sangen"—"Because it sounds more refined"—Japanese young ladies, graduated from the High Schools, are flocking to Mr. Susumu Matsunaga, to acquire at least this phase of fascination of their possible rivals in prospective married life.

In one school alone—the Joshi Kotogakuen of 250 pupils—100 students are taking lessons in koto music, fifty learning the sangen (samisen), forty the piano, and ten the violin. Brighter Homes to oust the Geisha is twentieth-century Miss Chrysanthemum's battle-cry.

Determination is not lacking in the modern Japanese girl, for all her native passivity. Sixteen-year-old Miss Shinako Yaguchi travels 100 miles a day to get her education. Living fifty miles from her school, she rises at 4 a.m. sets out before five on her bicycle to the railway station, travels by train, tram, and on foot, arriving at school at 8 a.m. There she studies until three in the afternoon, returning home the same way. She is now in the second-year class, and since entering the school, Miss Yaguchi has not been absent one day. She declares that the privilege of education is well worth the fatigue of travelling six hours a day.

THE ETON SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY VISITS HESTON AIR PARK: A notable function was held last week when members from the great school were shown the details of a modern aerodrome and flying demonstrations including radio communication, repairs, engine shop, maintenance and service stations

ENTERTAINING *the Dominion* PREMIERS

Naval and Aircraft Demonstrations held in the Channel and at Croydon

AN AERIAL DEMONSTRATION: The Dominion Premiers, in London for the Imperial Conference, visit London Airport (Croydon). An exhibition of both service and civil aircraft was held. Members of the Round Table Conference, members of the Cabinet, and other guests were also invited. An air liner is seen above undergoing inspection after a heavy shower of rain

EN ROUTE *FOR THE NAVAL "WAR": The Dominion Premiers aboard H.M.S.* Snapdragon *run alongside H.M.S.* Nelson, *whence they witnessed the impressive evolutions in the English Channel*

THE WASPS OF WAR: Destroyers of the Sixth Flotilla screen H.M.S. Nelson *from a submarine attack during the mimic battle staged in the Channel for the benefit of the Dominion Premiers and the Indian Conference delegates. These distinguished visitors have now seen the three arms of the martial equipment of the Empire in action*

The CITIES *of the* GOLDEN ROAD

Ceramic Treasures of Bokhara and Samarkand

A TEMPLE OF LEARNING FALLEN IN DECAY: The Court of the Holy University of Bokhara, where the poor live in cells once occupied by devout students of the Koran

The new Jamma Masjid, of Bokhara, is sometimes known as the Blue Mosque, from the colour of the tiles which cover the domes, but not the walls, of the building. For the last seven hundred years Bokhara has been the traditional home of advanced Mussalman learning and of the training of *mullahs* in Central Asia. There is, however, a well-marked division between the asceticism of the religious aspirants and the morals of the remaining inhabitants—whose habits have suffered through centuries of contact with the riches of the trans-Asiatic caravan route.

The artistic glories of the city of Samarkand date back to the days of Tamerlane (1,333 to 1,405), who, in his world conquests invariably brought back to his capital the artisans, builders, and craftsmen of the lands which he conquered, and personally supervised their reproduction of the architectural works of art which he left in ruins in the cities which he destroyed.

The Bibi Khánum stands on rising ground north-east of the Registan; is like the Taj Mahal, at Agra, it is a record of a widowed husband's passionate sorrow. Tamerlane's most loved wife, a Chinese princess, lies beneath it. The actual tomb is a mass of shapeless ruins, for 550 years' gross neglect gradually accomplished that to which the earthquake of 1897 was only the climax. The ruined archway, here seen against the setting sun, was, and still is, a structure of grand proportions, 60 ft. wide, and higher than the recessed portal of Peterborough Cathedral, but now hardly retains a trace of the original lavish ornamentation in blue, green, and yellow enamel. Russia must be held responsible for much of the forlorn condition of the building. When the Russians occupied Samarkand in 1868 they might have done much to restore and safeguard it, instead of which they were content to see it turned into a cotton-market and a stable. It is now passed all hope of repair.

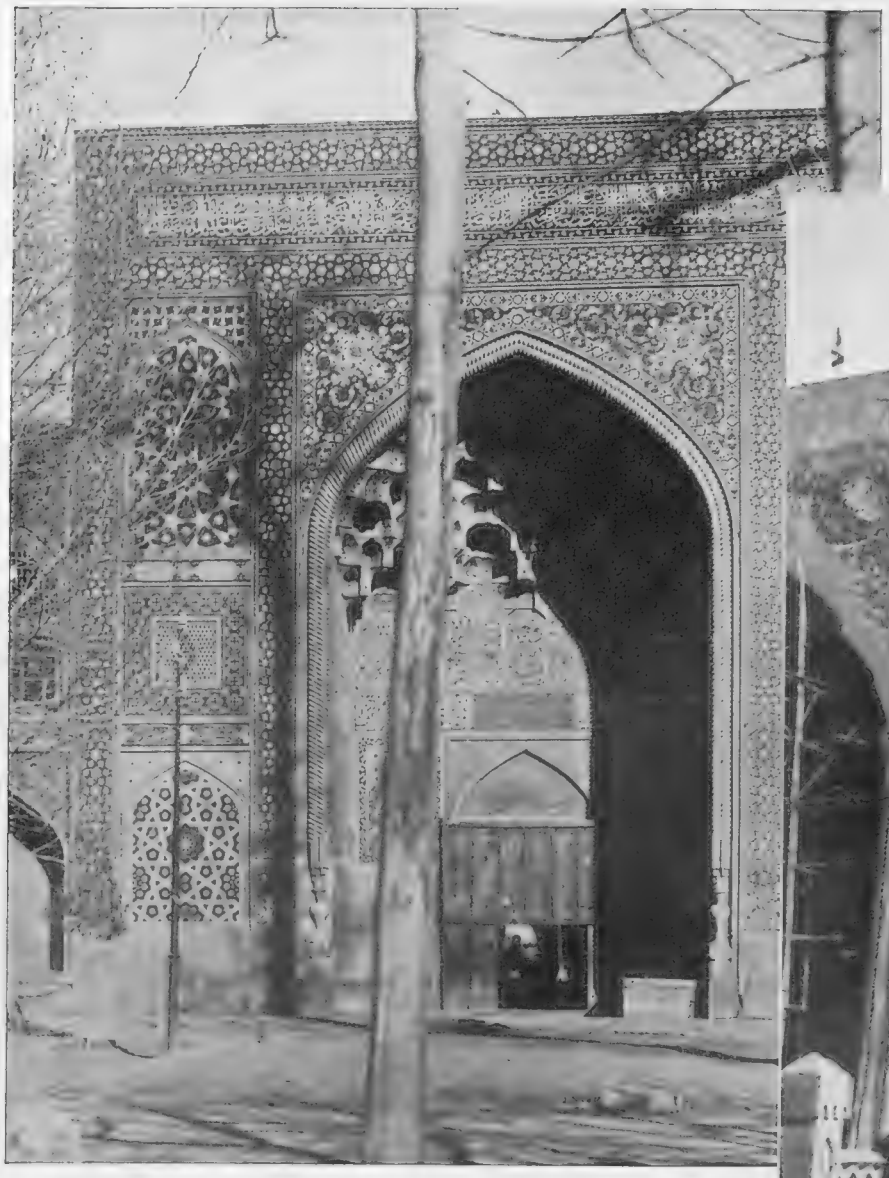
MID-DAY PRAYER: A scene in the courtyard of the new Jamma Masjid or Blue Mosque of Bokhara

THE TILES OF PERSIA: This picture and that inset on the left show remarkable specimens of the brilliant tiles which are essentially characteristic of Persian culture. They both show Registan, near Samarkand

SACRED TO THE FAVOURITE OF A MONGOL DESTROYER: The ruins of the Bibi Khanum, standing north-east of the Registan in Samarkand. It is to Tamarlane what the Taj Mahal is to Shah Jehan, the memorial to his favourite wife

The CERAMIC ART *of* ISPAHAN *and* SAMARKAND

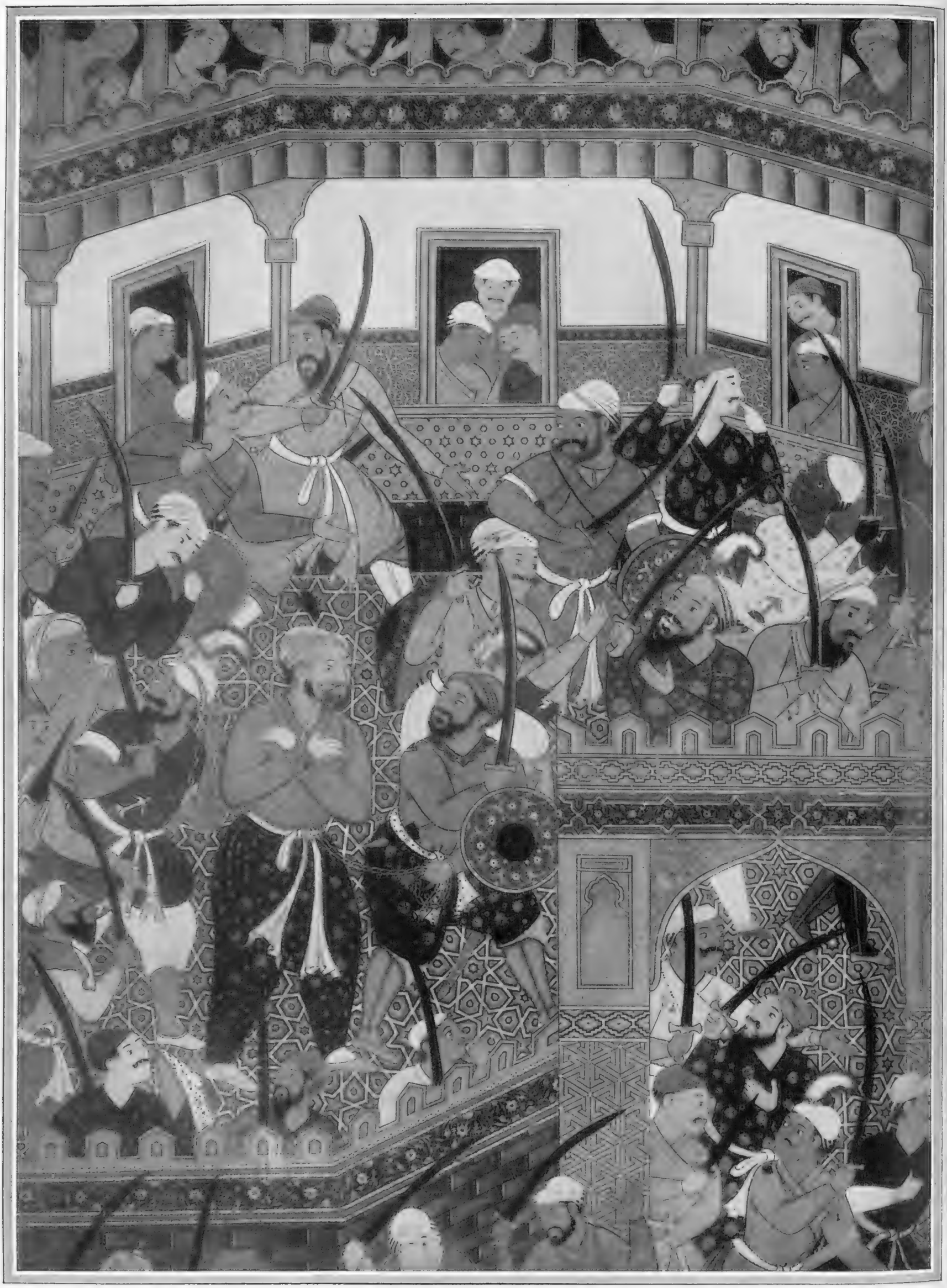
Romantic Cities where Gleam the Tiles of Persian Art, Specimens of which will be seen at Burlington House at the Turn of the Year



A MARVEL OF CERAMIC COLOUR: One of Ispahan's gleaming gateways, a monument of Persian art. On right—A corner of the Registan, or Market Square, of Samarkand, showing wonderful faience designs on dome, minaret, and walls

REACHED BY A GOLDEN ROAD: Samarkand citizens chafer under the shadow of their faience-covered buildings

The great open market-square, known as the Registan, at Samarkand, is the centre of the life of the city. It is flanked by two of the better known *madrassahs* or religious colleges; the Shir Dár, on the right, now in process of repair, and the Tíla Kári in the foreground. Both are highly ornamented with extremely beautiful tile work in blue faience, the secret of the construction of which was brought to the city by the Mongols after their conquest of China. The pattern of the tile work is conventional throughout Central Asia, and is invariably found reproduced in the woven silks for which Bokhara and Samarkand are famous. The minarets here share with all other minarets of Samarkand the fact of being out of the perpendicular, a fact due to past earthquakes, though none have fallen. The Soviet emblem, the five-pointed star, has been erected over the sentry-box in the foreground, illuminated at night-time one can see electric globes and wires leading to them.

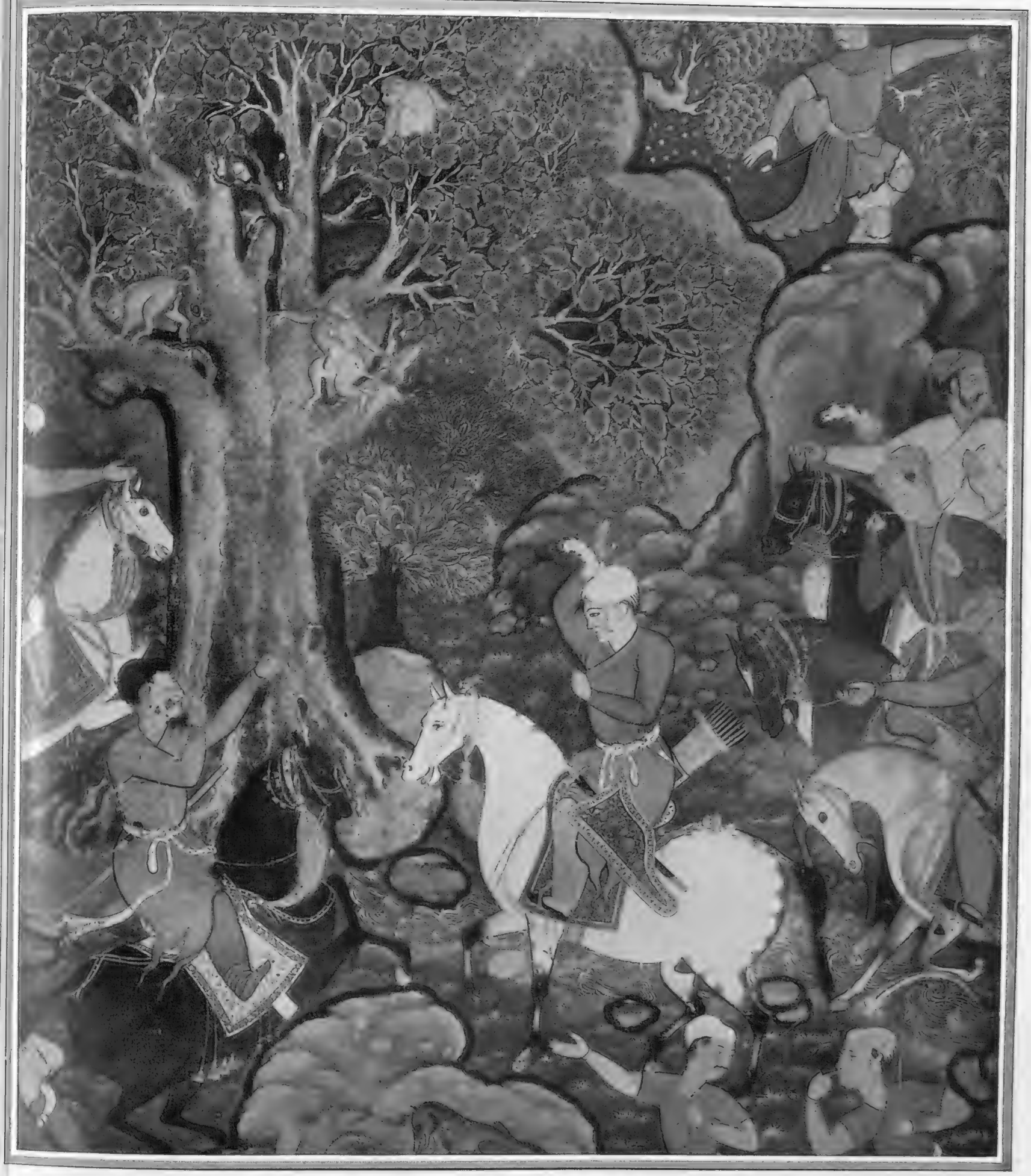


THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE HERO: Haemzae is Conquered by his Enemies

The magnificent manuscript of one of the most famous Persian legends of a hero, which was at the Indian Court during the period of 1550–1575, and illustrated by the rich treasures of Oriental miniatures, forms the subject of this gigantic work just published by the Amalthea edition, Vienna. Parts of this manuscript are now scattered all over the world, and they had to be compiled from the Museum of Art and Industry in Vienna, Victoria and Albert Museum in London, Emperor Frederick Museum in Berlin, Museum of Arts and Crafts in Leipzig, Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and various private collections. After those separate sheets

The ART of the GOLDEN EAST

The type of Art which will Become Familiar to those who visit the Forthcoming PERSIAN ART Exhibition at Burlington House



THE CLASH OF WAR: Haemzae's Attack Against Haemrak Taemrak

had been compiled, it was possible to reconstruct the fourteen numbers of the manuscript, and to fit the illustrations into the text, which was translated and, where parts were missing, completed on the basis of other manuscripts. The tale deals with the legendary deeds and adventures of Haemzae, a relative of the prophet Muhammad, who, in order to obtain Mihrnigar, daughter of Aenuschiraewan, the Sassanid King, was entrusted by the latter with a series of dangerous, war-like enterprises, which took him to India, Byzantium, Spain, and Africa, involving him in the most remarkable adventures with giants, demons, and sorcerers. The tale closes with the historic battle at Mount Uhud, in which Haemzae was killed. The illustrations of this legend, painted by Mir Sayyid Ali of Tabriz, and Abd-Us-Samad of Schiraz, are genuine masterpieces, and their importance in the history of art lies in the fact that for the first time they were reproduced in a continuous series, thereby forming the earliest evidence of the school for painters at the Court of the Great Mogul, and manifesting by their unique splendour the development of the art of painting.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

When a well-known actor writes his first play it invariably receives better notices than it deserves and, flushed with success, he visualizes himself as a mixture of Edgar Wallace and Noel Coward, and at once proceeds to write more plays, which are rarely as good as his first.

The reason for this is that he has put all he knows and years of work into his first *opus* and then, encouraged by his eulogistic friends and the kindheartedness of dramatic critics, eager to help anyone who brings new blood into the theatre, thinks that good plays can be turned out with machine-like regularity and rapidity.

After this initial excitement, he usually calms down and does some really good writing, or gives it up as a bad job and marries an American heiress.

Judging by Frank Vosper's *Lucky Dip*, which is playing at the Comedy Theatre, this author is in the secondary phase of his literary life, and although this play is of small interest, he showed such promise by his earlier efforts that I hope he will persevere and settle down to the tertiary stage of great endeavour and leave heiresses to the youthful scions of the ungilded nobility.

INVITATION: Mr. Frank Lawton and Miss Nora Swinburne have issued invitations to a party and, when no one turns up on the expected day, discover they had dated their cards a month ahead. They therefore adopt the most reliable method of picking winners—choosing names at random—with a telephone book! They conspire to pick a winner in "Lucky Dip," by Frank Vosper, at the Comedy

The young married and unmarried sets seem to have a peculiar attraction to modern dramatists, especially those who like to picture them as being absolutely devoid of common sense. Is it feasible that even the irresponsible types of the young engaged couple portrayed by Nora Swinburne and Frank Lawton in Mr. Vosper's latest play would, with the aid of a pin, pick out the names of strange people from the telephone directory to ask them to a dinner party, when they are left without guests with everything prepared, because they had sent out invitations giving the wrong date? Anyway, they do so with extraordinary results and collect a retired general and his divorced wife, a noted novelist, a much travelled *modiste*, and a cat-burglar. Just when everybody is introduced to each other the door flies open and a young woman, who had not even been telephoned, looking more tragic than Lady Macbeth, walks in without a word of explanation, and in spite of her ashen face and staring eyes, calmly gets marched in to dinner.

After the meal the tragic lady cheers up the party by announcing that she has murdered her husband in the flat above, and all these respectable members of Society at once agree to aid her in escaping from the police. They appear to prefer to run the risk of being sent to prison for being accessories after the fact to being exposed to the disclosure of having been caught in the awful crime of dining with strangers. Although this might appear to foreigners to be a typically English line of action, I contend that no collection of English people would prefer the humiliation and discomfort of Dartmoor to the mild ridicule which such a disclosure would entail. However, they run neither of these risks, as the confessed murderess then declares that she has telephoned the police, who arrive to arrest her. Before doing so they go up to the scene of the crime to view the body, which they cannot find, for the very good reason that there has been no murder, and the tragic lady has only been rehearsing a part she is due to play at the Wembley Repertory Theatre, which gives the author an opportunity for indulging in some unneccessary gibes at these praiseworthy institutions.

A very good cast does all it can with the uninteresting parts allotted to it. Miss May Hallatt has the most thankful rôle of the adventurous *modiste* full of what are intended to be wise and witty quips, and Miss Clare Greet is most sympathetic as a dear old lady who, in spite of having given up her soldier husband, keeps a shop which supplies "everything for baby."

Frank Lawton's talents are wasted in the part of the gay and irresponsible young fiancé, as all he has to do is look young and bright, which he does as naturally as Nora Swinburne in the rôle of his fiancée. Miss Swinburne should learn to drop her irritating habit of putting her fingers into her mouth whenever she wants to appear surprised, or as if she does not know what to do. Mannerisms are only admissible in an actress when they are attractive.

Although ten years of nightly visits to theatres had rather dimmed my memory, I did recollect how much I had enjoyed *The Grain of Mustard Seed* by H. M. Harwood, and so hurried with pleasurable anticipation to renew acquaintance with this excellent work which is being revived with a practically new cast at the Ambassadors Theatre.

On the opening night of the revival the stalls were plentifully besprinkled with literary giants, as I noticed Arnold Bennett, Michael Arlen, and *la famille* Edgar Wallace.

I was a bit taken aback on opening my programme to find announced, in letters only slightly less large than the name of the play and much bigger than the names of either the author or the players, that we were to be regaled by the piano-playing of a Mrs. Victor Gamble, to be "followed by" the play the audience had come to see. It appeared from the programme almost as if the piano oratorio was to be the chief business of the evening and the play of secondary importance.

However, I am glad to say this was not the case, and the curtain soon rose on as fine a play as we have had since the War. Although the plot is political it might have been written yesterday, as it shows up the colossal humbug of British politics. A man who has been very successful in business stands for Parliament with the backing of a powerful party. When he will not modify his fiscal policy, the politicians withdraw their support, but in spite of this he gets elected with an increased majority. On his success the party take him into the fold again, and his fiancée gives up her young lover whom she had intended keeping secretly as a solace for being married to someone who had committed the unpardonable sin of being "in trade." The part of this big-hearted girl was beautifully played by Joyce Kennedy, although during the amorous scenes with her lover in the first act her display of passion was rather embarrassing. She was also not happy in her choice of frock in this act, but these are small points when the sincerity and depth of her acting are taken into consideration. Easily the best thing Miss Kennedy has done.

Nicholas Hannen was the victor of the poll, but in spite of a large watch-chain was so much more atractive than the lover as played by Walter Hudd that it seemed difficult to understand why it took the heroine of the play three acts to send her erstwhile paramour to Brazil.

As a conniving old politician A. Bromley-Davenport had a lovely part, of which he made full use, and the acting of the rest of the company maintained a high standard.

I wish I could prognosticate the same of the Irish Players' production of J. M. Synge's celebrated masterpiece, *The Playboy of the Western World*.

I admit that the play is full of fine satire and splendid poetic lines, but this is not sufficient recompense for having to spend over two hours in an uncomfortable theatre and to use intense concentration all the time so as to be able to understand the rich brogue of the players.

The Irish mind has always been a mystery to me, and I do not think that there are enough people in London to fill the theatre for long who know enough of the mentality of the natives of the latest Dominion to appreciate the satirical nature of the plot.

The acting was as good as usual, and I wish I had seen more of Sydney Morgan.

Fred O'Donovan played the part he originated on the play's production at the Court Theatre in London twenty-one years ago. He must have learnt the secret of perpetual youth as he still looked well able to portray a young man with conviction.

The Prince Edward Theatre has not been successful since its opening, but Julian Wylie and Moss' Empires felt confident that their latest musical-comedy, *Nippy*, would definitely put it on the map, because of the big success the show had made in the provinces.

They had every reason to feel confident as they had engaged one of the greatest, if not the greatest, musical-comedy actress to play the leading part, and the authors left no stone unturned to provide her with an ideal part. Of course, I refer to Binnie Hale, and so far as she was concerned she has every reason to be proud of her achievement. As a waitress in a Lyons' Corner House who becomes a Hollywood film star she was delightful in everything she did, whether dancing, singing, clowning, or acting seriously. So many tales are told of the beautiful legs of American and French actresses which are supposed to be insured for fabulous sums that we are liable to forget that we have an English actress whose legs are just as beautiful as any of these expensive importations.

The first act opened promisingly, as there was plenty of movement, fast dancing, and comedy added to the excitement of a batch of inebriated undergraduates "gate-crashing" a sumptuous Lyons' emporium on boat-race night. I wish that undergrads were really as well-behaved as these young men on the night of nights.

One of them (Clifford Mollison) falls in love with one of the waitresses (Binnie Hale), who gets sacked on the spot for kissing him. The first scene of the second act is slow in comparison, in spite of two light cars and a motor-cycle being driven across the stage. It shows the young man taking a job as a mechanic at the house of the waitress's mother, but the pastoral idyll is rudely disturbed by the arrival of an irate parent, who tells the girl that she is ruining his career, and if she loves him she should give him up, which, of course, she does. The last scenes nearly make up for the scene I have just attempted to describe, as they show the *ci-devante* waitress returning as a great American film *diva* to make a personal appearance at a super-super picture-theatre. Miss Hale is delicious in this scene and sings and dances brilliantly in an excellent toy scena which is supposed to be a stage presentation preceding the film in which she is starring. Now that she appears to be earning a large salary, the father conveniently forgets her station in life and apparently thinks she would be a good *partie* for his son, so he tells him of his little plot to enable the final curtain to come down on the hero and heroine in each other's arms.

There are also good comedy performances by Arthur Riscoe, whose work I have known and thought much of in the provinces for some years, and Reginald Purdell

AT THE AMBASSADORS: Mr. A. Bromley-Davenport and that actress with the growing reputation, Miss Joyce Kennedy, in "A Grain of Mustard Seed"

DRAMA OF STAGE AND SCREEN

Shaw on the Films: "The Breadwinner" at the Vaudeville: "Nippy" at the Prince Edward: "Follow a Star" at the Winter Garden

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: Mr. Ronald Squire as the fed-up and wilfully "hammered" stockbroker, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft as his fundamentally decent daughter in Maugham's "The Breadwinner" at the Vaudeville

IN A VEHICLE MADE FOR HER: Miss Sophie Tucker, with Mr. Louit Goodrich, in "Follow a Star," the success at the Winter Garden, in which the Brothers Hulbert and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb also star

SHAW ON THE FILMS: The brilliant satire, "How He Lied to Her Husband," is being produced by British International, at Elstree, by Mr. Cecil Lewis (right). The great dramatist is seen on the floor with Miss Vera Lennox (She), Mr. Edmund Gwenn (The Husband), and Mr. Robert Harris (He). It is only talkies that enable G.B.S. to be put on the screen

Sasha

BINNIE HALE AS "NIPPY": The brilliant musical comedy star in the new successful venture at the Prince Edward Theatre which translates a tea-shop waitress to Hollywood

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

ANTARCTICA as a HOLIDAY RESORT

A Novel and Healthy District for a Vacation

By A. J. VILLIERS

(Author of "Whaling in the Frozen South," "Falmouth for Orders," "By Way of Cape Horn," etc.)

The last place in the world to which no woman has ever been is shortly to lose its proud distinction if the plans to send a cruising steamer to the Antarctic come to fruition. No woman has yet seen the Great Ice Barrier of the far south, the blubbery blue whales sporting in their home seas, the Weddell seals and the emperor penguins in their haunts. The Ross Sea must be the world's last stronghold against women and tourists in general. Why it should so long have remained so I do not know, except that perhaps its belt of protecting pack-ice has frightened ships away. But the ice melts in summer always, and whaling steamers make their way in without difficulty. Now plans are complete, I understand from my friend Commander Stenhouse, for the fine motor-yacht, *Stella Polaris* to make the first world tour, including a visit to the Ross Sea. Women passengers are to be taken—if they will go.

There is not the slightest reason on earth why they should not go. There is not the slightest reason why they should not have been already. But the fact remains that they have not. For years and years no one went near the Ross Sea except intrepid explorers—Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, Mawson, and the Japanese. Then the whalers came, first in 1923, with the late Captain C. A. Larsen in the 9,000-ton whaling floating factory ship *Sir James Clark Ross*.

Before 1923 that wide stretch of grey and ice-strewn waters was the loneliest spot on earth. There the blue whale sported and leisurely gulped plankton; the emperor penguin marched about and produced its young in the bitter long winter and sauntered in lonely dignity along the Barrier edge; since 1913, when Scott's ships left and Captain Larsen in his whaler arrived, nothing had been there.

The War left the Ross Sea in its solitude. The whalemen came to the Weddell Sea to the south of Cape Horn on the other side of the Pole; but the Ross Sea they left severely alone. It was safe behind its belt of sheltering imprisoning pack. The very idea of taking a steel ship in there was scoffed at—until Captain Larsen went, and found there the greatest whaling grounds in all the world.

And now the idea of taking a world-cruising ship to the same place is scoffed at in some quarters amongst persons who have no idea of what it really means, who still imagine the Antarctic a place of woe and misery and icebound solitude, murderous blizzards, and grave navigating dangers. It *is* all these things—in winter time. No cruising ship has the remotest intention of going there in winter, and summer is quite a different proposition.

The Antarctic is a grand place, not only because no woman has been there. There is lots to see there, and in summer-time the climate is better than it often is here in England—better, at any rate, than it was this last summer. You have to be more careful about avoiding sunburn than pneumonia on a sunny Ross Sea day. There is sunshine for twenty-four hours; no fog, no raw bitter mornings, no rain. It is too cold to rain! . . . And in January there are rarely storms. When Byrd flew over the South Pole the temperature was 30 deg., and it was quite warm. When Amundsen walked to the South Pole, the first thing he saw there was a skua gull.

Whenever the temperature is over zero, down there beyond the ice, my experience is that it becomes uncomfortably warm and apt to be unpleasant. Of course, when the wind blows down from the dreary million-odd square miles of the Polar glacier, of which Ross's Great Ice Barrier is the ever-moving face it *is* cold. That is, if you can call it reasonably cold when the moisture of your eyes freezes into your eye-lashes, and if you open your mouth your gums will be frost-bitten. . . . But it does not always blow from the barrier-ice. Mostly it is calm, or the whalers could never do their work.

There are few discomforts associated with a cruise to the Ross Sea in the summer months, and even if there were there is so much to be seen that it would be well worth it.

The Great Ice Barrier, with its wonderful mirages, its glorious pink and pale-blue ice-caves, is well worth the journey by itself. I remember when I first saw this marvellous barrier I wondered that such a beautiful thing could exist upon the earth and people know so little about it. Then there is McMurdo Sound, where Scott and Shackleton made their bases, and the tourist may see the huts that still stand. (At least, we saw them there in the summer of 1923–24.) Over the lonely and deserted huts the grand conical peak of Erebus rises—curious, a 13,000-ft. volcano at work in the heart of the eternal ice. There are whaling operations to watch—there are now five fleets at work down there—and the rugged glacier-scarred coast of South Victoria Land is full of its own interest. Landings may be made with perfect safety, either in McMurdo Sound or actually on the Barrier at the Bay of Whales, where Amundsen and Byrd were; or Discovery Inlet, used by the whalers. The penguins of the Far South are quaint and human-like birds, quite unafraid of man—they have never seen a woman!

The Antarctic is good for the complexion—there is no better cosmetic than cold and fresh wind—good for the health, and good for the appetite. When I was there with Captain Larsen's whaling-fleet we had a crew of over 200, and we had no illness throughout the cruise. We ate whale steaks and asked for no better meat. The cruising steamer may get some whale beef from the floating factories to regale her passengers with better beef than they have ever eaten ashore. The clarity of the atmosphere, the freshness, the sunlight, the interest of the strange sights, the beauty of the curiously-shaped icebergs, the awe-inspiring splendour of the pack, the majesty of the Barrier and the solemn grandeur of Erebus and the Victoria Land coast—these things combine to make the Ross Sea a place of unusual interest. It is a matter for wonder that no cruising steamer has been there before.

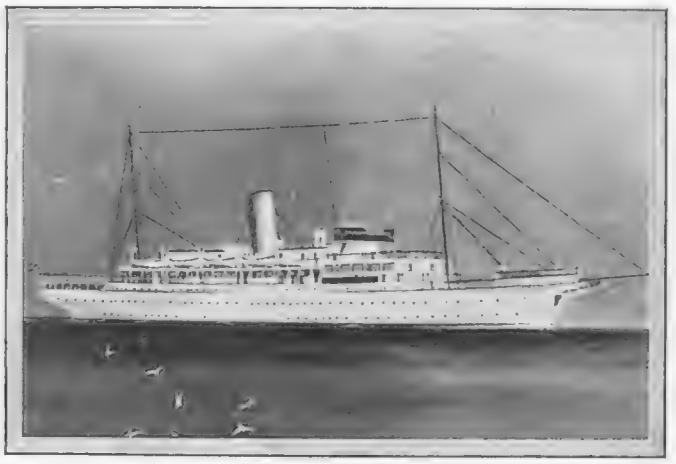
Navigational dangers? It might interest those who fear such things to know that our whaler was an old Cardiff tramp, bought after thirty years of service and converted into a factory-ship by the mere addition of some blubber boilers and a sheathing of greenheart at the bows. We had no troubles; we entered the Ross Sea before Christmas and were not gone until March. The cruising steamer need stay less than a week.

The minimum cost of the cruise, which is a world cruise lasting four months, is £500. The route is from Southampton to New York, thence via Panama to New Zealand and the Ross Sea, back to Australia, and via Torres Straits, India, Suez, and the Mediterranean, home.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc. by return of post. All requests are answered free, 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

DECIDING THE ROUTE: Lt.-Com. J. R. Stenhouse, who commanded Aurora *and* Discovery, *points out the way he will follow in* Stella Polaris, *which he is to command*



STELLA POLARIS: *The liner which is to be used for the proposed cruise to Antarctica*

WORKING A PRAM THROUGH THE PACK ICE: An incident of life in the germ-free continent

Pictures by H. G. Ponting

A WEDDELL SEAL COMING UP TO BREATHE: One of the amusing events that Stella Polaris *passengers will see*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

FASHIONS *in* FURS *and* FOOTWEAR

These important details of the chic woman's wardrobe must receive careful consideration if the hall mark of sartorial perfection is to be maintained . . . . . .

The changes which have recently taken place in the Fashion World, seem if possible, to have heightened the popularity of furs, and this season a greater variety of skins has been seen than ever before. Squirrel has always a large following and at the moment it seems the beige-dyed skin is more in demand than the silver. Pony has come to the forefront of fashion during the last few years and besides the more usual black or brown shades there is a particularly attractive warm, soft beige skin which has the delicious sounding name of "Rose Pony." The Persian lamb coat shown on this page is just one attractive model from Gorringe's large stock of furs, coats, and fur-trimmed coats, and from the same store comes the broad-tail cloth coat with its becoming skunk collar.

On the left of the picture is a becoming Persian lamb coat, with cuffs and collar of mink, while on the right a more modest, but exceptionally well-cut coat of silky broad-tail cloth is shown with a collar of natural skunk. Gorringe

Pictures by Peter North

Silver fox is a fur that is much worn this season. A fine tie is shown in the picture above, exquisitely marked and with the fashionable white tip. Gorringe

From furs to footwear is not such a far cry as it would at first seem, since both are extremely important factors in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman.

Some of the newest walking shoes are carried out in African bull-frog, a skin which is stout enough to withstand the wettest of weather and yet at the same time is light and flexible. The salmon, cod, Dover-sole, and dog-fish are some of the latest victims to Dame Fashion's whim, and now you may eat a Dover-sole and wear a shoe made of the skin of its brother at the same time.

Below — Some typical examples of the newest designs in footwear for both daytime and evening occasions which are to be seen at Thierry's of Regent Street

Crêpe de chine is a popular medium for evening shoes although satin is still much worn. An example is illustrated on this page, and this particular model has heel and strappings of tinsel, a special material that can be dyed to any colour. Another model shown in the illustration is carried out in shadow crepe de chine and trimmed with narrow gilt piping.

AUTHENTIC FURS

Paris Revillon Frères *New York*

180 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

Duchess of Kent | Duke of Sussex | Queen Adelaide | Archbishop of Canterbury | Archbishop of York | Queen Victoria | Prince Consort

A ROYAL CHRISTENING: The picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., of the ceremony when the Princess Royal, mother of the ex-Kaiser, was christened at the Golden Lily font in 1841

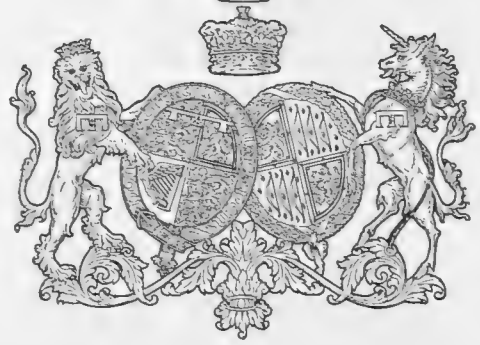
THE NEW ROYAL BABY

THE FIFTH LADY OF THE LAND

BY MERIEL BUCHANAN

It hardly seems possible that seven years have gone by already since the engagement of the Duke of York to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon stirred the whole of the British Empire to a quickened interest and eager sympathy. The world may pride itself on its advanced ideas of democracy and progress, cynics may say that the age of romance is passed, women may affect a business-like capability and efficiency, and pretend a scornful contempt for the lighter side of life, but, as long as the world endures, the story of the Fairy Prince marrying the girl of his choice will never fail to thrill the heart of a people who are still, in spite of the modern machine-made era, intensely and ineradicably sentimental.

Having spent the greater part of her childhood and youth in the wild solitude of the hills and moors of Scotland, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was at first inclined to be afraid of the great position offered her, and shrank back from the thought of the many responsibilities and onerous duties it entailed, but at last her reluctance was overcome, love had its way, and she gave her hand to a son of the King of England.



The married achievement of the House of York

It was no little thing she did when she took this decision, for though she was going to have love and homage, a position and rank that placed her high above every lady in the land, she was giving up her personal freedom, her care-free, unfettered girlhood, and taking up a burden that inevitably would sometimes lie heavily on her young shoulders, the burden of being always a public figure, of having always to live up to the opinion of the world, of having always to appear interested, entertained, amused, of never being able to relax, lead her own life, follow her own pursuits.

I think the heart of every woman and girl in the Empire thrilled with her in mute, tremulous sympathy when on that April morning she went out from her father's house to the waiting coach that was to take her to

(Continued on p. 278)

THE DUKE OF YORK: A study of the father in his extreme youth

THE LILY FONT: The first appearance of the font used this week is seen in the picture of the christening of the Princess Royal recorded by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK: Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in early days

THE NEW ROYAL BABY

DEPARTING FOR THE CEREMONY: The ducal party leaves 145, Piccadilly, for the christening in Chapel Royal. *Inset*—The arms of the lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon as a maiden lady

(*Continued from p.* 277)

the great grey Abbey, where so many of the Kings and Queens of England had come in all their majesty and pomp to receive the crown or be joined in matrimony. And when her coach drew up at the wide open doors it seemed as if even the skies were with her in sympathy, for the sun came out in a sudden blaze of spring glory shedding its benediction on that small white-clad figure and making a path of gold on the old grey stones for her satin-shod feet.

So, very pale, but also very composed, she went in from the sunlight at the great West Doors of the Abbey, up the long Nave, past the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, between the two Transepts, where the Statesmen and Poets lie buried, up to the High Altar between the sleeping Crusaders in their stone coffins.

MUSIC AT THE CHRISTENING: The choir of the Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace, in their quaint uniforms, pass the sentry at the entrance gate as they go to the christening

When a few years later Princess Elizabeth was born the whole of Bruton Street was thronged with a silent crowd of men and women waiting in anxious, almost breathless suspense, a suspense that broke into a low murmur of heartfelt relief and gladness when at last the Duke of York's appearance on the balcony announced the birth of a daughter.

The growth and upbringing of little Princess Elizabeth was watched by the whole nation with the keenest interest, every little detail about her was recorded and treasured, people waited for hours on the chance of seeing the open carriage with the nurse and the small pink-and-white bundle drive through the park. When the Duchess of York had to leave her behind and accompany her husband to Australia every woman's heart ached in sympathy with her, and when, after many months' absence she returned and first saw her baby daughter, her glad welcoming cry of "Oh, you little darling!" brought her nearer to all the mothers in England than any amount of speech-making or carefully arranged propaganda.

More and more the "Little Duchess" was endearing herself to the Nation, and Londoners welcomed the choice of the big, grey mansion near Hyde Park Corner because it seemed to bring the Duke and his young wife so close to the heart of the metropolis; they could look up now at the windows, see the colour of the curtains, see the little Princess

HERALDED BY CHEERING CROWDS: The car containing the Duke and Duchess of York and the two little princesses arrive at Buckingham Palace

going out, the cars waiting at the door, the flowers being carried into the big hall. Everywhere the Duchess went crowds flocked to catch a glimpse of her, and many tired, heart-weary men and women went home cheered and made strangely happy, because she had smiled at them—brought into their grey lives a glimpse of something lovely, fragile, inexpressibly sweet.

And now, once more in August of this year the British Empire waited anxiously for news, their eyes and thoughts turned this time to the far north and the grey turrets of Glamis Castle. Glamis! Surely one of the most beautiful homes in all the British Isles, surrounded by the glamour and romance of old tradition, steeped in history and legend, and associated with all the greatest names in Scotland.

(*Continued on p.* 280)

EN ROUTE TO THE CHRISTENING: The Duke and Duchess of York with Princess Elizabeth (whose head can be discerned) drive with Princess Margaret Rose and her nurse from their house, 145, Piccadilly, to Buckingham Palace. In the one car are the third, fourth and fifth ladies in the land. Princess Mary outranks the Duchess of York

THE FIFTH LADY OF THE LAND

BY MERIEL BUCHANAN

CAMEL HAIR KEEPS LITTLE PEOPLE ROSY, WARM & GAY

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Trimmed to match, full size, with tray inside.
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Carriage Paid

BABY'S COT Daintily trimmed in a good quality Organdi, finished with rosettes of Baby ribbon of satin and frills of Organdi, lined with sateen and muslin—can be had in any colour required.
The frame is of White enamel iron with strong cord net and canvas bottom. Elegant and thoroughly practical when in use. Compact and made to fold conveniently, for travel or storing.

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The FIFTH LADY *in the* LAND

Speaight

MOTHER *and* CHILD

(*Continued from p. 278*)

Here Malcolm II is said to have been assassinated; here Macbeth is supposed to have wandered in haunted misery, his mad eyes seeing always the murdered spectre of his King. Here many of the Stuart Kings of Scotland lived at different periods, and here Bonnie Dundee, that most romantic figure in the history of Scotland, spent much of his time.

Margaret Rose, are the names given to the Little Princess, Margaret of Scotland and Rose of England. They are names associated with sweet, simple things, and the little Princess who bears them will have the distinction of having fewer names than any other member of the Royal family.

(*Continued on p. 282*)

BREVES' LALIQUE GALLERIES

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PRICES:

3 oz. Bottle	-	-	1/6
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Obtainable at all Chemists.

It rather amazes people to find how effectively Listerine Antiseptic wards off dangerous colds, sore throat and 'flu, and combats them once they have started.

Habitual sufferers from these ailments note how seldom they recur once the use of Listerine Antiseptic is begun.

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Try also LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE —it cleans with amazing speed. Price per Tube 1/3

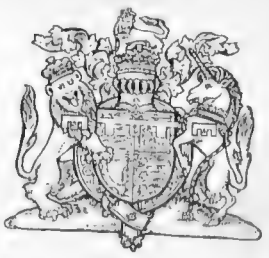
"Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds"
—The Lancet

A HISTORIC APARTMENT: King Malcolm's room in Glamis Castle

THE NEW ROYAL BABY

THE FIFTH LADY OF THE LAND

BY MERIEL BUCHANAN



By courtesy of Burke

The achievement of H.R.H. The Duke of York

(Continued from preceding page)

And yet the names she bears have also Royal memories, for there was a Margaret who was Queen of Scotland, and the heroic wife of Henry VI was Margaret of Anjou, while Cecily Nevil, Duchess of York, who took such a great part in the Wars of the Roses, was always known as the "Rose of Raby" and was famous for her beauty, her wit, and her courage.

At one time the birth of this little Princess Margaret Rose seemed likely to raise a vexed question of succession, as it was believed that legally she would have equal rights of succession to the throne as her sister, but the question has now been successfully settled, and Princess Elizabeth still holds her old position in ranking third in the line of succession immediately after the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

Margaret of Scotland and Rose of England dressed in an exquisite white christening robe which has been worn by some of the children of Queen Victoria, was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury and had the Prince of Wales and Lady Rose Leveson Gower among her sponsors, but only a few near relatives were present with the exception of one or two servants who have been for many years in the royal household, and a few old retainers from the estate of Strathmore who were invited to the ceremony.

Aerofilms

THE SEAT OF THE HOUSE OF LYON: An aerial view of the historic Castle of Glamis

And there is for Londoners now an added interest in the big grey house near Hyde Park Corner, and every day crowds gather round the gates, hoping to catch a glimpse of Princess Elizabeth and her baby sister, and in every taxi speeding past, in every crimson bus lumbering down Piccadilly women crane their necks and peer up at the windows glittering in the pale autumn sunshine.

A few days ago in one of those passing buses two very small girls with a pocket camera crowded excitedly to the window trying to get their camera focussed on the grey house. "Oh!" there were tears of acute disappointment in their voices as the bus rumbled by without stopping. "We haven't had time to take a picture. What a shame they could not have waited just a minute." The smiling conductor paused in the act of taking a ticket, and lifted the

(Continued on page 284)

TAKING THE AIR: The Princess Margaret Rose in her pram goes for a ta-ta in the gardens behind 145, Piccadilly

Established 1852

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Rebuilt 1930

The Modern Store of Knightsbridge

Supply Every Need for Boys' Every Occasion

The "Taplow" JERSEY

GOOCH'S have been supplying Complete Outfits for Boys of all ages for over 75 years—and through all these years our rigid adherence to the policy of supplying the finest qualities only has never wavered.

The "Taplow" JERSEY

The small design in this well-fitting Jersey affords a pleasing change, and the contrast provided by the collar and cuffs gives an excellent finish. Made from superior wool yarns in Fawn, Tan, Blue and Grey. To fit 3 to 8 years. First size 13/6

Rising 1/- each size.

The "Laleham" OVERCOAT

A charming style for autumn. A delightful example of specialisation in Juvenile Tailoring. The smartly fitting back is finished with a half belt and inverted pleat from the waist downwards. In Tweeds in good shades of Fawn and Brown, and a Blue Mixture. Also in Navy Velour Coating. To fit 3 to 8 years. Tweeds, first size 48/- to 62/-

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Navy Velour, first size (5 years). 62/-

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Autumn Catalogue Post Free on request.

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RIDING KIT for Boys & Girls

The Cutting and Tailoring of Riding Garments, especially for growing boys and girls, can only be successfully undertaken by experienced craftsmen. The garment illustrated is made in our workrooms under the supervision of experts. The materials used are specially made for the purpose, and include Whipcords, Riding Tweeds and Covert Coatings.

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Patterns and Estimates for Boys' and Girls' Riding Kits post free upon request.

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DRESS AND MATINEE COAT to match in daintily embroidered crêpe-de-chine. In pink, sky.

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Price **25/6**

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Baby Linen Dept.

NEW MODEL DRESSING GOWN in quilted Jap Silk, warmly lined with nunsveiling. Pale blue, pale pink, green, and saxe. Size 21 to 36 ins.
Price for 21 ins. **34/6**

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BROWNIE AND PIXIE BICYCLES & TRICYCLES
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GENUINE SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

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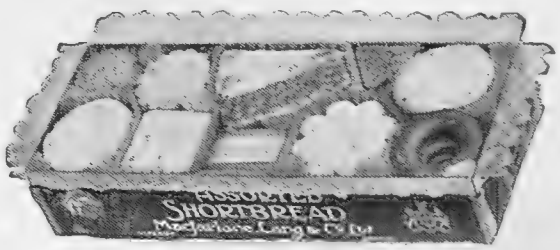

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ASSORTED SHORTBREAD
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Obtainable from all Stores and High-Class Grocers.
(Also NEW YORK. R. H. MACEY & Co. Inc.)

THE NEW ROYAL BABY

THE FIFTH LADY OF THE LAND

BY MERIEL BUCHANAN

(*Continued from p. 282*)

hatch to shout at the red-faced driver "Hi, Bill! Next time you come along here mind you remember to draw up in front of the Duke of York's house. Lady here wants to take a picture of Princess Margaret."

So, though she does not know it, her name is on every lip, the thought of her is constantly present to the multitude who day by day go past the windows. The roar of the traffic sweeping up and down Piccadilly rises to her nursery like the tide of an unsleeping sea, worried business men on their way to the city, harassed housewives, busy shoppers, tired workers, idle people in search of pleasure, every one of them when they pass the house give a little smiling inward thought to the Baby Princess, and go on their way with a momentary gleam of gladness, as if the tip of a fairy's wing had just very lightly brushed them in passing.

So a new member comes to the Royal Family of England, a sweet solemn-faced little baby with big contemplative blue eyes, eyes that already seem to take note of their surroundings and that, when she was having her first picture taken, faced the camera serious and unafraid, that will, one feels, face life with the same high, serene and steadfast courage.

THE BAPTISMAL FONT: The famous lily font of solid gold which was made for the christening of the Princess Royal, 1841, and was brought from Windsor for its most recent ceremony

THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND: The Queen, painted by C. S. Jagger, A.R.A. Her Majesty is deeply interested in her newest grand-child as is evidenced by an almost constant stream of presents and little attentions that emanate day by day from Buckingham Palace to 145, Piccadilly

THE ALTAR OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL: The private chapel in Buckingham Palace where the little Princess, who is named Margaret for Scotland and Rose for England, was christened

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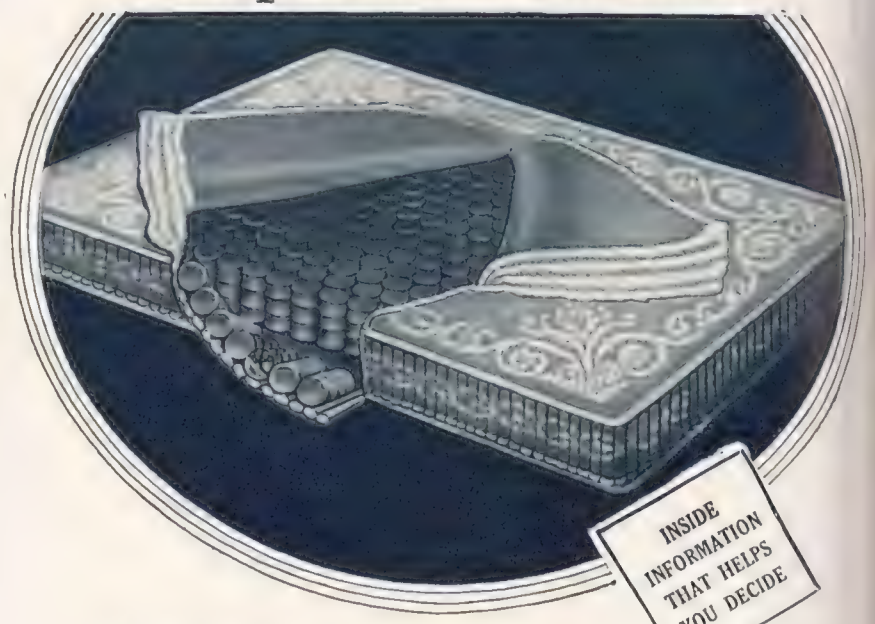

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2. The tempered steel wire springs each in a separate pocket, are ANCHORED to the very edge.
3. The system of ventilation is effective and keeps the interior sweet and clean.
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GOLD FLAKE

GIVE VALUE

in the Cigarettes

A ROMNEY SKETCH BOOK

Presented to the R.A. by Mr. Coghlan Briscoe.

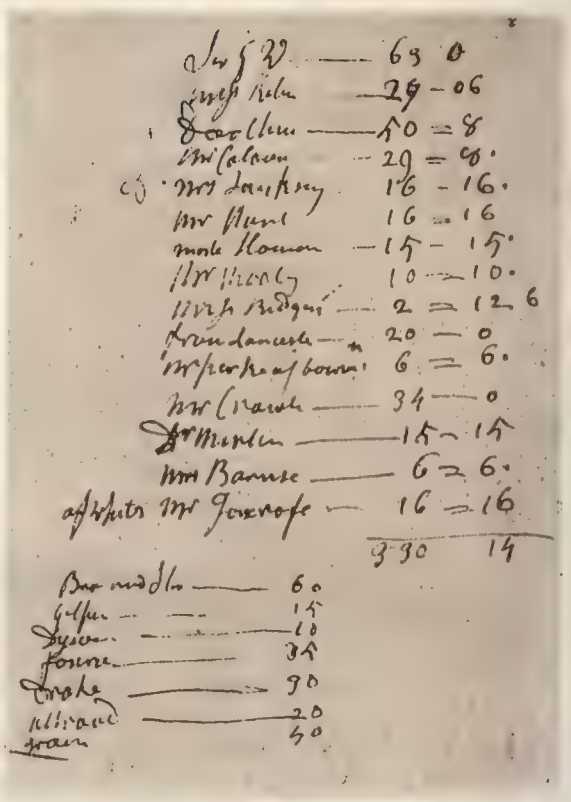
A composition for a fortune-telling picture in the George Romney Sketch Book presented to the Royal Academy.

MR. COGHLAN BRISCOE, who for many years was the Chairman of the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery, has presented to the Royal Academy a Sketch Book containing about seventy drawings by George Romney. Mr. Briscoe, who has collected Old Master drawings for over twenty-five years, said that when he discovered this Sketch Book he felt that its proper home was beside the other Romney Sketch Book, which is at Burlington House, and he decided to present it to the Royal Academy, where, in a glass case in the large reception room, are Sketch Books of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the other great artists of the British School.

The book presented to the Academy is of unique interest, as it contains in the forefront a memorandum in George Romney's handwriting of prices charged for portraits, with the names of the sitters; and inside one of the parchment covers Romney has made a note of his brother's (Peter Romney's) address at Liverpool. This is interesting, as it more or less fixes the date of the Sketch Book. Peter, who was nine years younger than George, gave much promise as a portrait painter, and worked for a time with his brother in London. In 1767 he went to Manchester, where he remained some years, with one short interval at Liverpool, where he gained considerable reputation. Peter died in his thirty-fourth year, at Stockport, in 1777. The Sketch Book will be of special interest to students, as it contains many studies for portraits, and demonstrates with what care Romney thought out the pose of the sitter. Some of the drawings appear to be studies for the well-known portrait of Richard Cumberland, now at the National Portrait Gallery, and many of the other drawings for portraits will be easily identified. There are drawings of female figures, for many of which probably Lady Hamilton was the model. There are drawings in the book which show great imaginative power, and are evidently notes for some of the grand conceptions for pictures which Romney had always in his mind.

Probably studies for a Romney portrait of Emma Hamilton, in the Sketch Book recently presented to the Royal Academy.

Four preliminary sketches for the portrait of Richard Cumberland, in the Romney Sketch Book at Burlington House.



List of prices charged by Romney for portraits, with the names of the sitters, in his own handwriting.

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18ct. Gold, £13 10 0

2557
18ct. Yellow Gold, £10 10 0
9ct. Yellow Gold, £7 15 0

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18ct. White and Yellow Gold,
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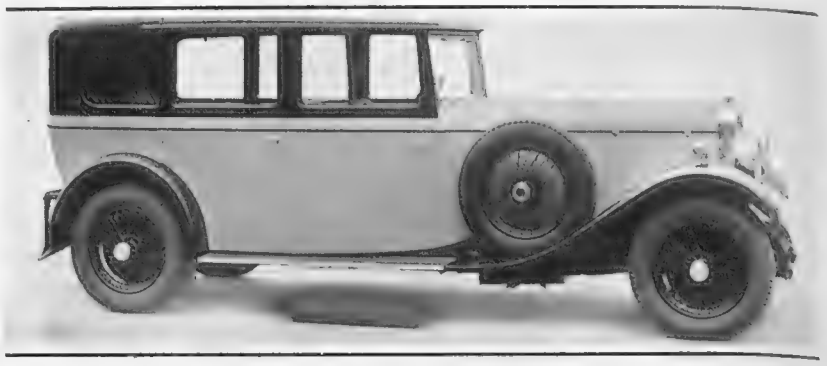
The PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; and Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")



IN YELLOW AND BLACK: A Windover four-door enclosed landaulette body mounted on a 30-h.p. Straight Eight Lanchester chassis. The body is finished in yellow cellulose with black head, wings, and mouldings

UNIVERSAL THIRD-PARTY INSURANCE.—We are getting very near the time when the new motoring Act will come into force, and car-drivers should remember that there are quite a number of clauses in the Act which will affect them the moment they are put into operation. Perhaps the most radical change, forgetting for the moment the abolition of the speed limit, is that which makes it incumbent on every person driving a motor-vehicle to insure against third-party risks. The great majority of car owners have been sensible enough to take out this type of insurance of their own free will and accord, but there are a number of people who have refrained from doing so in the past, and they will discover that they must toe the line very shortly. I have always been unable to fathom the reason why a motor-owner does not insure against this ever-present risk. If a man motors at all he must have enough money to buy a car and to keep it running. That being the case it is difficult to believe that he cannot afford the few extra pounds which would cover him against damage from injury to third parties for a whole year. I can comprehend the attitude of the millionaire who says to himself "I will pay the damage myself because the the risk is quite remote, and secondly, the maximum amount likely to be involved will not hurt me in the slightest." To nine out of ten motorists, however, the third party risk is a very real one; it is never likely to bring about damages less than £100, and as Cabinet Ministers, bishops, prize-fighters, and eminent musicians are just as likely to get in one's way as readily as a costermonger the damages might easily amount to £10,000. The anxiety of motoring without being covered for this risk is so great that in order to be free from it I for one would gladly pay the few pounds a year necessary for the premium. As I said before, everyone will shortly be compelled to cover themselves in this direction, and that is one point in the new Act of which every right-thinking motorist must approve.

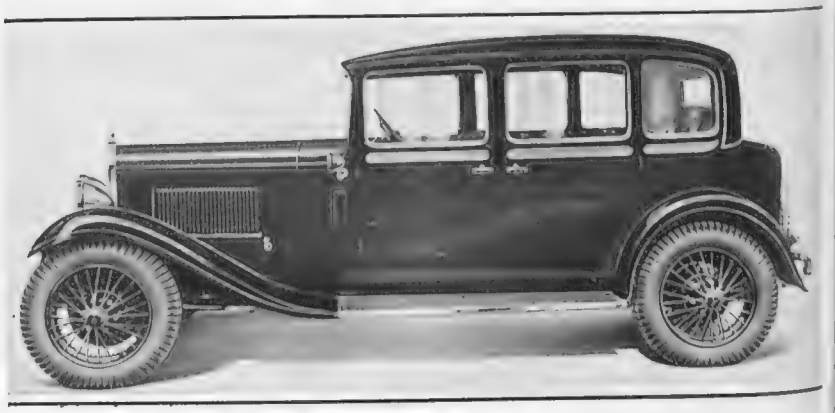
WILL PREMIUMS BE INCREASED?—I have read in the papers that this compulsory insurance of motorists will bring in to the insurance companies an extra premium exceeding half a million pounds, and that, in consequence, it is not anticipated that premiums will be raised during the first year. The anxious time for us motorists will arrive when the first twelve-months' experience has been gained by the companies. I greatly fear that the result will be an increase in our premiums unless the very dangerous driver finds it impossible to persuade any insurance company to undertake his risk, in which case he will not be permitted to drive, a consequence which will certainly be to the benefit of the community.

We are to be forced to carry some insurance ticket with us though why this should be it is difficult to comprehend. Surely when an accident occurs and the police take particulars it is the simplest thing in the world to have the driver's statement that he is insured confirmed. Even if he carries an insurance ticket the authorities will have to confirm the facts because forgery has not been unheard of in this country. The Minister of Transport seems determined, however, that we are to festoon our cars still further with one of his precious documents which will be quite as useless as the present registration book.

OUR TRAFFIC DICTATOR.—The Minister of Transport at a recent motoring function seemed rather proud of the fact that the new Act gave him what really amounted to dictatorial powers. He argued that this was necessary in the interest of motoring because circumstances change so quickly that a regulation to-day, which is quite up to date, might become archaic in a few years' time, and if in order to meet the new conditions another Act had to be passed through Parliament, there would be long delays which would bear harshly on the motoring community. That logic is quite sound, but we must remember that dictators are not always up to the ideal. Mr. Morrison may be as near perfection as we could wish and we may be justified in not fearing anything too terrible as a result of the powers which Parliament has given to him, but Ministers of Transport come and go, and even he cannot hold himself responsible for the actions of his successors.

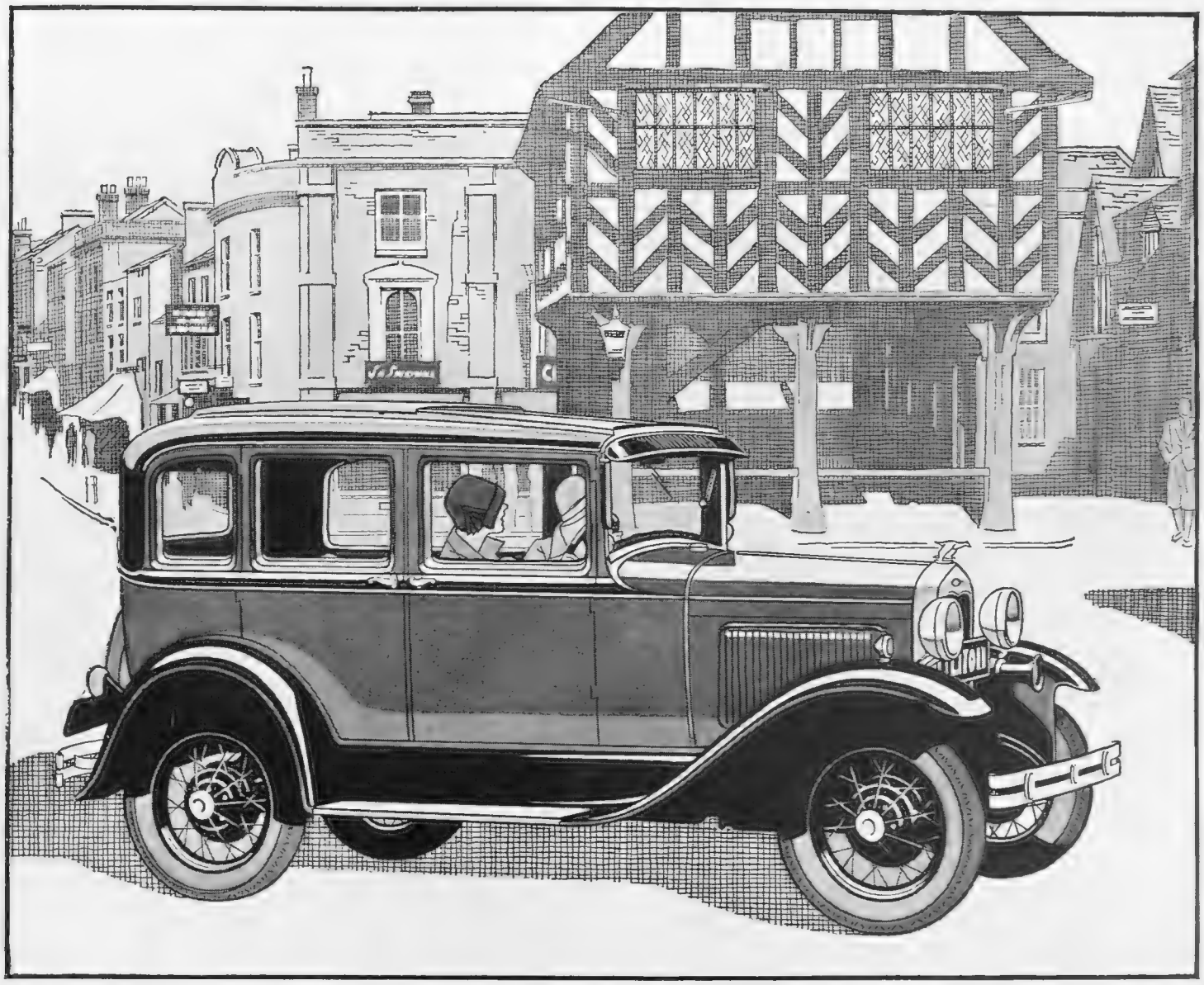
It will be necessary, therefore, for us to keep a very careful and keen eye on how these powers are used. So far as I can see it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a future Minister of Transport may dictate to the motor-manufacturers what weight his car must be in relation to its horse-power, in fact he would still be within the law if he were to say that in the interests of the public no car should have more than two

(Continued on page 290)



THE TALK OF THE SHOW: This new Austin Twenty "Mayfair" saloon aroused much public interest at Olympia this year. It is specially designed for the owner-driver who desires luxury with a turn of speed

Owners do not put their FORD Cars up for the Winter

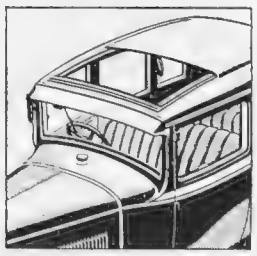


NEW DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON, NOW REDUCED TO £225 AT WORKS, MANCHESTER

The Market House, Ledbury, in background.

FEW OWNERS of new Fords put their cars away for the Winter. They find the new Ford too useful to be spared.

Business. Shopping. Parties. Theatres. Week-ends. Touring. These are some of the many things owners use their new Fords for in Winter time.



Stainless steel bright parts. Streamline harmony and grace. Sliding Roof may be opened when there is blue sky overhead.

The new Ford's powerful starter works instantly on frosty mornings.

The welded all-steel bodies with easily raised and lowered windows are always comfortable.

The unsplinterable glass windscreen may be regulated to admit air while at the same time excluding rain.

The low wheels, large tyres, powerful four-wheel brakes, four hydraulic shock absorbers, careful balancing and excellent springing make the new Ford an unusually safe car in any weather.

Truly, as enquiry among Ford owners shows, the new Ford is an all-year car. Its comfort, convenience and economy last all the year through. Call at your nearest Ford dealer's to-day and let him demonstrate these things to you.

Luxurious upholstery. Disappearing arm-rest. Roomy pockets in doors. Comfort and convenience far above the price.

A new Ford Car is now more easily within your reach than ever — since the recent price reductions. Ask your Ford dealer for a trial run.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester

A SEVERE TEST: A 10-h.p. Singer saloon negotiating very successfully a rough track in an old-world corner of Bucks. The Singer Company, which specializes in producing reasonably priced cars, retails this model at £210

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 288)

cylinders. These assumptions are, of course, unlikely to be confirmed, but I have merely given them as examples to show how a future Minister of Transport may be a very unpleasant person.

ROAD UP.—Once again the daily papers have gone mad having suggested that the whole of Brooklands track is to be relayed. The only possible foundation on which this fantastic fairy tale could have been built was a circular which I, as Clerk of the Course, addressed to the various drivers who have raced at Brooklands during the year. In this circular I asked them to give me details regarding the position of any bumps which they may have encountered during the year. The reason for the request is that the bumps which worry the driver of the fast car are always difficult to locate. They are not the result of a pot-hole or an obvious defect in the surface, but are usually brought about by three or four sections of concrete, maybe 50 ft. in width, subsiding or rising in wide strips. Very often the only way of tracing them is by a surveyor going round and taking levels at or near the spots which are indicated by the drivers I have consulted. Those who have raced at Brooklands for many years state that the condition of the track has probably been better during 1930 than it has been for many seasons. Notwithstanding that, at least twice the amount will be repaired during this winter, so that when racing commences again the track will be in fine condition.

The number of people who have written to me recommending the employment of their special non-skid surfaces on the track is legion, but I would like to point out that so far as my knowledge goes there is not a better material than concrete for a racing track. The surface never wears out of its own accord and all the repairs that have to be undertaken are due to the fact that the foundations shift. If anyone can suggest how foundations such as are down here at Brooklands can be made permanent I shall very much like to hear from him or her.

THE "OLD CROCKS" RACE.—For the past few years the owners of really old motor-cars have been invited to participate in a run from London to Brighton. These runs have been very successful, and the performances of the competing cars have been really staggering. This year the previous organizers let it be known that they did not intend to continue this annual event, and there was a distinct danger that the "old crocks" run would lapse. I am glad to say, however, that this contingency will not now arise because the R.A.C. have stepped in and will hold the run next month. They are the right people for the job and they have very wisely made regulations which entail a nominal entry fee and the awarding of no prizes. I am strongly of the opinion that the number of entries will be even greater than in previous years although no one will go away with £50 or £60 in their pocket. This event, which is known as "The Emancipation Day Run," is intended to celebrate the first organized London to Brighton run in 1896, when motorists were first released from the tyranny of the red flag.

R.A.C. FOG DISCS. — One of the worst difficulties with which motorists are likely to be faced during the winter months is fog or mist on unlighted roads at night. The use of headlights adds to a driver's difficulties rather than assists him in such circumstances, as the strong light is thrown back at him, and when the fog is really thick, progress is impossible. One of the best-known expedients for overcoming the glare thus created is to tie a piece of yellow silk or muslin, or to stick a piece of yellow paper over the car's lights. This not only eliminates the dazzle effect almost completely, but also enables the beam of light to penetrate the fog to a certain extent, and so make it possible to proceed.

With these facts in mind the R.A.C. has had specially prepared a supply of yellow paper discs for the use of its members at any time when they may be caught in foggy weather. The discs are in two sizes, thus providing for both head and side-lamps. They are lightly gummed on one side for securing to the lamp glasses, and are packed in an envelope in sets of four—two large and two small—with instructions as to their use printed on the face of the envelope. They are intended for use only in an emergency, and will enable a driver to get to his destination when without them he might be prevented from finding his way at all. Supplies of the discs will be available at all R.A.C. provincial offices and in all R.A.C. road telephone boxes, of which there are now 430 in various parts of the country. They will be placed in a prominent position inside the telephone boxes so that any member may help himself to a set at any time during the night. In addition, any member desiring to carry the discs as part of the permanent equipment of his car or motor-cycle may obtain a set free on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W. 1, or from any R.A.C. provincial office or any R.A.C. road guide.

A CORRECTION.—I regret that in THE SPHERE of October 25 the address of the London Caravan Co., Ltd., was given as 154, Great Portland Street, W. The correct address is 18–21, Dering Street, New Bond Street.

"HALE" TO NIPPY: Miss Binnie Hale, the star of "Nippy," the new musical comedy at the Prince Edward Theatre, with her 1931 Standard coupé. This model is fitted with an Avon body fitted to an Ensign Six chassis

CHILPRUFE
UNDERWEAR for MEN
REG'D

NO more lingering doubts whether your underwear is warm enough for bad weather, once you have invested in Chilprufe. Its protectiveness is always suited to the moment's needs. Soft and springy in texture. With a strength that does not fail.

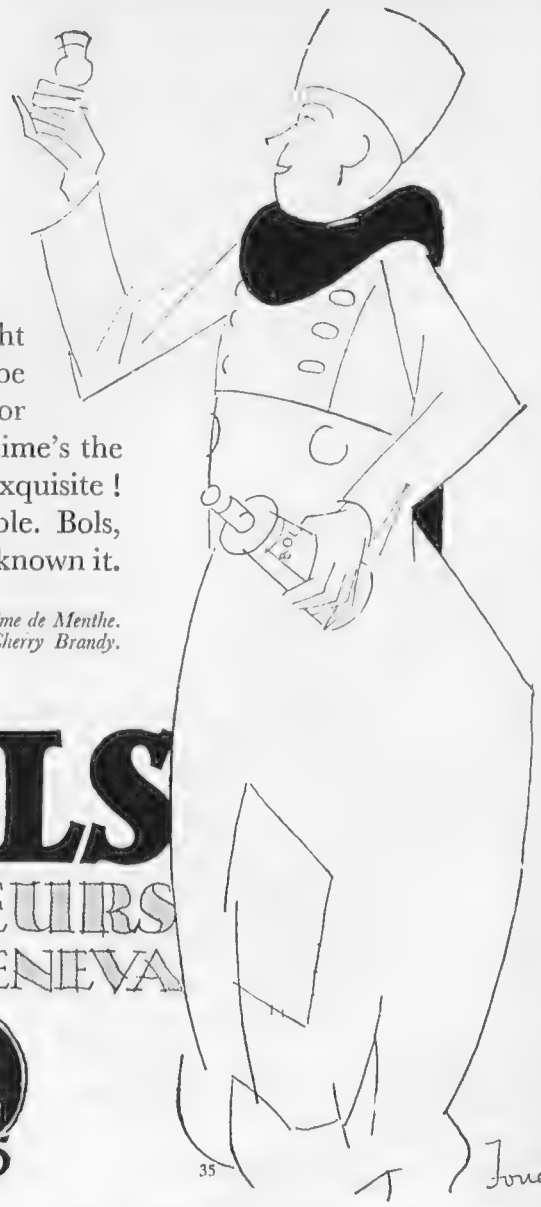
CHILPRUFE IS AGAIN REDUCED IN PRICE

One Quality Only—
The Highest Obtainable

VESTS, PANTS, TRUNK DRAWERS, PYJAMAS. Also Combinations to special order.

Ask your Outfitter or write direct for a copy of the
NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

If any difficulty in obtaining Chilprufe, write direct to—
THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(John A. Bolton, Proprietor) LEICESTER



A matter for thought .... not one to be taken lightly .... or hastily. A sip at a time's the thing. Aroma .... exquisite! Flavour ....inimitable. Bols, eh?....might have known it.

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

BOLS
LIQUEURS
& V·O·GENEVA

1575

Wholesale Agents:
BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

PETROL FOR EASY STARTING

Every morning you slip into your car and switch on. Every morning off she goes at the first touch on the button. The 'lighter fractions' in the New BP fire at once—saving the waste of fruitless attempts to start. Giving you more miles per gallon.

PETROL FOR ACCELERATION

Down goes the policeman's hand. Down goes your foot on the accelerator. In a moment you're in top again threading the traffic swiftly, surely. 'High overall volatility' of the New BP is saving you miles per gallon.

PETROL FOR POWER AT SPEED

Five in the car and a stack of luggage. But hark to that smooth clean roar of power. BP's 'heavier hydrocarbons' give more power from every drop—more miles per gallon!

GET ALL THREE IN THE NEW 'BP'

An "ACE" of CLUBS

The Smartest New "Cock and Hen" Club in London, which Offers many Attractions to its Members, from Midget Golf to Good Cuisine, and from a Gymnasium to Cocktails

The Quest of the Golden Fleece and the Twelve Labours of Hercules are mere bagatelles beside the difficulties of finding the ideal night club. Some are so "exclusive" that unless one is at least a marquis —or orders like an American millionaire out on the spree—one waits for one's order for hours; some are so Bohemian that to appear in tails is tantamount to an insult to the other members. Some are so expensive that a kipper and a cup of coffee entail a bill like Crœsus' income-tax return; while others are cheap only because they are also nasty.

To combine the *chic* of the clubs frequented by Ladies of the Green Hat with the cheeriness of the resorts Bulldog Drummond would patronize, and to weld into one entity the opulence of Phillips Oppenheim's inevitable Milan Court, and the prices that the New Poor can pay would tax the resources of Hawkshaw Holmes and Sexton Vance!

Yet it can be done. Situate in Bruton Mews, in the premises lately occupied by the Florida Club, is Toby's, named for *Punch's* dog. And Toby's fills a unique place in London's night life.

THE BAR-PARLOUR: Where members can dine in comfort without the otherwise essential boiled shirt

THE RESTAURANT: A new dance floor has been laid down in the restaurant in place of the unresilient glass floor of old

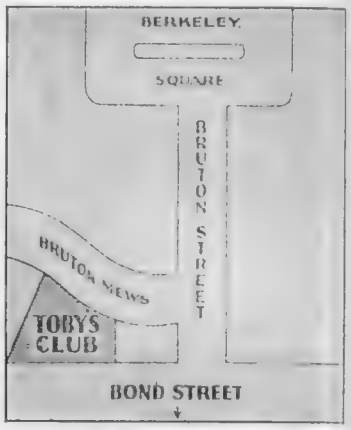
One can dine *en grande tenue* in the restaurant, where a wooden floor replaces the attractive but unresilient glass surface of yester-year, and one can order caviare or welsh rarebit and drink champagne or beer; one can turn up to steak and onions in plus fours in the bar parlour. One can peck a small but savoury theatre dinner in what Americans call a tuxedo —and in all cases be *en règle*.

The new fashion of cabaret-cocktail teas had its inception at Toby's, which opened in May and already has a membership 1,000 strong. These *thés dansants*, with the option of more stimulating beverages and a first-class entertainment, are held in the only glass-illuminated American bar in town.

Other features of this club, which in the best senses of the word is "mixed"—for it draws its membership from both sexes and numbers representatives of many spheres of life among its patrons—are a midget golf course in the building and a small gymnasium adjacent.

A most amusing prospectus has been compiled with regard to Toby's. It is written in the first person by the being who has given his name to the club.

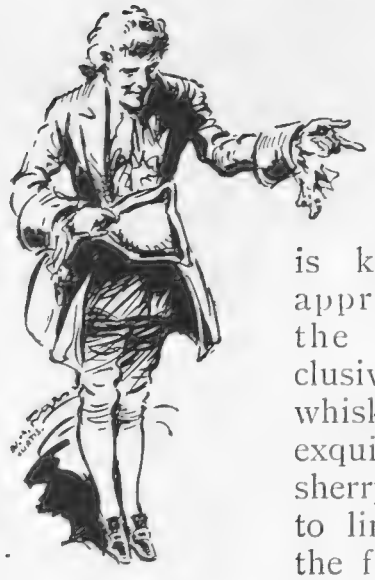
The secretary of the club is Major H. M. Stourton: the manager, Captain the Hon. A. Eliot.



THE SITE OF TOBY'S: Bruton Mews in relation to its environs

The "Antiquary"

Finest Natural
SCOTCH WHISKY
Made Perfect by Age



is known and appreciated in the more exclusive circles of society. A whisky with a rare and exquisite flavour, aged in sherry-wood casks—a whisky to linger over, enjoying to the full each precious sip.

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write for name of nearest agent to:

Make it your home Whisky

J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH

WEST INDIES CRUISE
BY BRITAIN'S LATEST WONDER SHIP
"ARANDORA STAR"

WITH PERFECT COMFORT AND CUISINE

Calling at
Las Palmas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, Panama Canal, Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba, Nassau, Bermuda and Madeira.

JAN. 24th, 1931

Sailing from Southampton, this beautiful ship will spend 46 days on the most delightful and interesting cruise in the world. For full details and illustrated cruising brochures apply

Accommodation still available for Christmas Cruise, to the Mediterranean commencing Dec. 19th.

BLUE STAR LINE

3, LOWER REGENT STREET, S.W.1. (Gerrard 5671). LIVERPOOL: 10, WATER ST. and Principal Touring Agents

DO NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING THIS WINTER SUNNY SPAIN, THE LAND OF ROMANCE, ART AND WEALTH RESORTS. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT IF YOU DO, AND YOU WOULD NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF FOR NOT GOING. MODERN ACCOMMODATION SUITED TO EVERY BUDGET.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at LONDON, 173 Piccadilly; GIBRALTAR, 63–67 Main Street; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; ROMA, 9 Via Condotti.

BOOKS REVIEWED

By CECIL ROBERTS

(*Continued from page* 264)

young boy with his grandparents. We have then a circle of the stereotyped county and aristocratic folk, the prim snob, the horsey peeress, and desultory love affairs among the young people. It is all very competently done, but the realistic touches, such as the brief portraits of Botha and Smuts, only serve to make Jim Redlake still more a creature of ink and paper. The failure of the the central figure to come to life does not debar one from the pleasure of Mr. Brett Young's poetic sensitiveness to beauty, his smooth prose, the breadth of his intelligence and acute worldliness. It is a thoroughly competent piece of craftsmanship by one who can sometimes rise to planes of unforgettable pathos and beauty.

This age has witnessed two momentous works in the field of archæology—Sir Arthur Evans' excavations at Knossos, and Mr. Woolley's excavations at Ur of the Chaldees. An associate, Dr. H. R. Hall, late Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, has written *A Season's Work at Ur* (Methuen. 25s.), in which the work on the amazing Ziggurrat and the surrounding antiquities is described. His narrative has great charm and is intelligible to the non-specialist. Dr. Hall has not scorned the personal narrative amid such impressive scenes, and his stories of the human side of this great work are delightful and give his scholarship a light grace.

Miss Peggy Wood has won so many friends in *Bitter Sweet* that they will turn eagerly to *Actors and People* (Appleton. 10s. 6d.), and not be disappointed. She opens with an account of the tracking down of her idol, Bernard Shaw, and then describes Calvé at home in her French château. After that the narrative deals generally with her stage experiences. It is a bright story of success that was not too hard to come by, and of a cheerful spirit that never failed to win friends all along the road.

NOTES and NEWS

BRIDGE WITHOUT TEARS

A novel book of bridge problems has been published by Messrs. Abdulla and Co., Ltd. and edited by the noted authority on both Auction and Contract, Mr. A. E. Manning Foster. In it are three hands set out with the solution appended and one hand as a competition both for bidding and play. The prizes for the latter, solutions of which must be submitted by January 21, amount to £200 The correct answer is already deposited in a bank and Mr. Manning Foster's decision is final The method in which the hands are displayed is well worthy of comment. All hands are set out in full on small tabs which can be folded over. On one side of these tabs the card is designated: on the reverse is a series of numbers from 1 to 52. One therefore plays YZ s cards face upwards, while the AB cards are played unseen yet in the correct order. The editorial comment on all three hands is very instructive as are the distributions themselves. The pamphlet costs only a shilling and is well worth the price, not only as an entrance fee to an amusing competition, but also as the payment for an enjoyable and novel brochure.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

We learn that the boys of the Newport Market Army Bands School lined the courtyard of Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the departure of H.M. The King for the State Opening of Parliament on October 28. The Newport Market Army Bands School, which is a branch of the above Society, is a Musical Training School for poor boys. Funds are urgently needed for all branches of the Society's work. Please send a gift to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

BRIDGE: The attractive cove of the novel folder holding a new method of learning the play of the cards at bridge and a competition hand The brochure is published for Abdulla and Co., Ltd.

THE GREAT EIGHT BALL: A group of the first staff dance held with great success by Illustrated Newspapers at the Pillar Hall, Cannon Street Hotel, last week

No Dinner Party is right without A GLASS of OLD MADEIRA at DESSERT.

IF you want QUALITY, insist on Proof of Origin.

"HIS MASTER'S CHOICE" MADEIRA

A new Wine Record—"Why wonder—taste it"!

"Dry Madeira" is THE best Appetiser.

Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.*

Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water

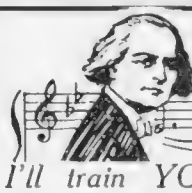
VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road. London, S.E. 1

VICHY ETAT



Piano Mastery Without Drudgery

Fr. Chopin Op. 42.

I'll train YOU rapidly BY POST in your Home!

I HAVE TAUGHT over 53,000 Adult Pupils, using only ordinary musical notation, in their homes and leisure time, to delight themselves and their friends with their mastery of Music of every kind. They were of all stages—from **Absolute Beginners,**—many of middle age—**see special offer of First Demonstration Lesson for Beginners below**—to **Advanced Players** with diplomas. They achieved piano-mastery without any of the usual drudgery—AND YOU CAN DO THE SAME.

Read what a few say:

"I have gained a great deal in every way and owing to your muscular exercises I find my hands and fingers wonderfully free. My people are delighted with my playing and come in the evenings to sit and listen. I was told the other day my playing showed first-class teaching."—A.F.S., Age 39. 17th July 1930. R33412.

"I am delighted with my lessons and I am doing very well indeed. A brother-in-law, a good pianist himself, after looking through one of my lessons, says:—'It is a splendid way to learn, and anyone not able to follow your Courses must be helpless and hopeless, as they are as clear as daylight.'"

—M.F., Age 32. 18th July 1930. S33381

"I am glad to say that I am rapidly learning, thanks to your System."—M.G.W., Age 22. 18th July 1930. S33383.

Lose no more time! Let me guide and inspire your study. It may sound unbelievable, but if you play already you **can positively become a fifty per cent. better pianist within a few weeks** of reading this notice. Send a P.C. for my FREE Booklet, **"Mind, Muscle and Keyboard"** telling you all about my System. State if Mrs., Miss or Mr., and one word to suit you, **Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.**

PROOF FOR BEGINNERS

If you doubt your ability to learn by correspondence send me a P.O. for 2/6 (returned when you enrol) and I'll send you a demonstration lesson by which, even if you do not know a note, you shall play five delightful melodies from ordinary music without tedious study.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 57), 115, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

BY APPOINTMENT

Supreme quality at a popular price

RODGERS CUTLERY

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS LTD., SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

TRADE MARK GRANTED 1682

THE ORIGINAL BRAND

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ASEPTIC PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS

Pleasant to use and INVALUABLE in Nasal Catarrh INFLUENZA COLDS, etc. Destroyed after use, no possibility of re-infecting Self or others. Cartons of 50 "SILKY-FIBRE" 2/- Papier Crépon 1/3 and 1/9, at Chemists, Stores or DEP. 1, Toinoco Co., 55 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

for XMAS GIFTS

HANDKERCHIEFS of IRISH LINEN

1. Ladies' fine sheer linen handkerchiefs, open work border, edged narrow lace. Each 1/6

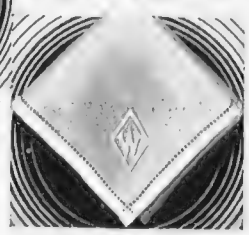
2 Ladies' linen two-letter monogram handkerchiefs, hand embroidered. Size about 12 x 12 ins. Per dozen 12/-

3. Ladies' fine sheer linen handkerchiefs, hand-veined hem. Hand-embroidered in each corner Each 2/9

Write for Xmas List sent post free when published.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

The Linen Hall, Regent Street, London, W.1



4. Men's linen initial handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered. Size about 19 x 19 ins with ½ inch hem. Per doz. 16/6

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TRAVEL BY THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS of the ORIENT LINE,

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Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA

Tickets interchangeable with other Lines

SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS to SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

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Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

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Telephone:
Regent 1246.
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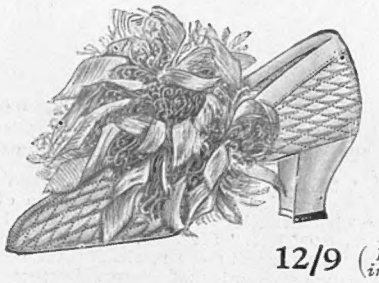
the recognised leader
of shoe fashions.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Why not a pair of dainty slippers? We have an enormous selection at prices from 8/11 to 30/-. There are also pure silk hose, 3 pairs (any colours), in a fancy box, prices 8/6, 11/6, 14/6, 17/6, 20/-, and 23/- complete. Or the very latest in Parisian shoe buckles, prices 3/- to 42/-. For men there are slippers, socks, and golf hose, such as our famous genuine Irish hand-knit, at 14/9. Please write for folder.



12/9 (*Post free in the U.K.*)

One of our latest models in quilted crêpe-de-chine with feather trimming. Stocked in Black, Paris Brown, Rose, Apple Green, Jade, Pink, Red, Wedgwood, Royal Blue. *Price* 12/9

Also in quilted satin with real ostrich feather trimming. *Price* 12/9

Thierry

70, Regent Street, London, W.1 (*A few doors from Piccadilly Circus*)

And

47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 (*One minute from South Kensington Station*).

Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

His bath must be more than a wash

. . . let him have his fling . . . let him romp and enjoy himself.

When he returns with begrimed hands and face you need have no fear of contamination if you bathe him with Wright's.

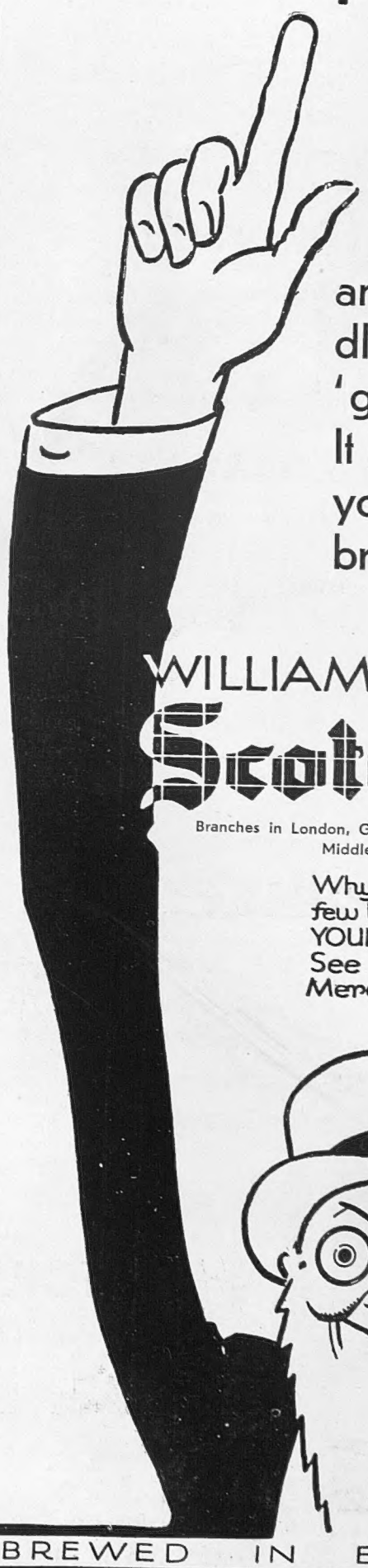
It not only cleanses and feeds the skin but safeguards your child's health and protects from infection.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

6d. *per Tablet*
Bath Size 10d. per Tablet

FOR MORE THAN SIXTY-FIVE YEARS MEDICAL MEN HAVE RECOMMENDED THE USE OF WRIGHT'S

'YOUNGER' for YOU



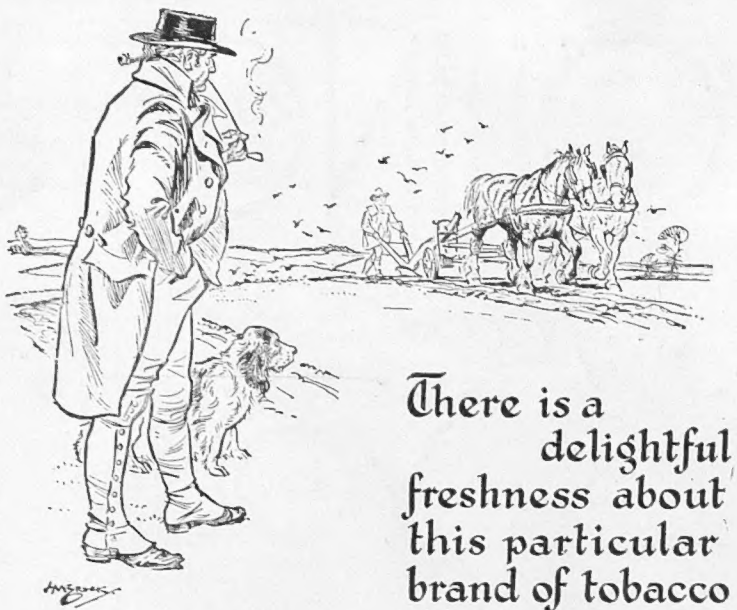
and 'fair to middling' becomes 'good to better.' It puts heart into you: it's a hearty brew is

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale

Branches in London, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Middlesbrough and Belfast.

Why not order a few bottles and get YOUNGER at home? See your Wine Merchant to-day

BREWED IN EDINBURGH



There is a delightful freshness about this particular brand of tobacco which cannot fail to satisfy the most particular smoker.

1/0½D per oz. and 2oz pocket tins at 2/1D

Player's "Country Life" TOBACCO

C.L.I.

"Tricoline" for Style and Comfort.

A "Wemco" FABRIC

ASK the ladies of your house their opinion of the wear and style of "TRICOLINE"—they know it well! In "TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS are all those marks of deference to masculine standards that one would expect with so smooth and splendid a fabric. You will find your own colours among "TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS.

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS & STORES. If any difficulty, write M.9, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

"Tricoline" REGD THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

ASK TO SEE "Tricoline" WEATHERCOATS. RAINPROOF YET POROUS, LIGHT YET WARM.

Harmony.

The scientific composition of Benger's Food ensures the partial digestion of both the Food and the milk used to cook it. These are harmonised into a dainty and delicious food cream.

A very refreshing cup—half Benger's Food, half tea.

BENGER'S Food

Regd. TRADE MARK.

Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, *etc.*

Descriptive Booklet post free

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester.

248a

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices. G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

Blue skies and old-world peace

Come to the land of the Blue Bird, where the flowers are blooming amid warmth and sunshine. Saunter along coral lanes 'neath azure skies, bathe in blue limpid lagoons, visit crystal caves and view the wonderful deep-sea gardens. There's yachting, fishing and a warm welcome.

For full particulars write, The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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Isles of Sunshine

For Health's Sake insist on

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Daily more radiant, it seemed, with their mutual love, she was affectionately content to spend the evenings in the apartment, standing arms about each other on the balcony which loftily overlooked all Paris spread at their feet, listening docilely to his eloquent panegyrics of revolutionary virtue, his prophecies of the Republic which was to come. Lately, indeed, she often accompanied him to the Ministry, sat in his room naïvely interested, while he paid out bundles of notes, bags of coins, against meticulously scrutinized requisitions, or rigidly refused some hectoring ruffian in uniform whose demand was suspect. The subordinate employees all knew this pretty *citoyenne*, with a charming word and smile for everyone, who was the *femme revolutionnaire* of the vice-delegate, entitled to pass in and out as she pleased. She laughed merrily as she hung on his arm, dainty in the light dress appropriate to this summer day which, cleverly, she had made in the afternoons she spent with Mme. Bullier.

"How terribly you frown! You haven't said a word for the past ten minutes, *sais-tu, mon chou?*"

"*Hein?*" He jerked out his heavy thoughts. "I was wondering what is going to happen. Those imbeciles at the Hotel-de-Ville think only of fighting each other, instead of defending the Commune. At any moment the Versaillais may assault. I heard this morning that the ramparts between the Point-du-Jour and Auteuil are almost abandoned.

She glanced at him, suddenly serious....

In "Vive la Commune!" by F. Britten Austin. One of the new series—each story complete in itself—of Historical Romances framed in the maelstrom of Revolution.

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One night Hagar wore a string of beads, and when Michael asked her where she got them, she told him of our trails on the long road, and of the sweet-smelling camp fires, and then her eyes blazed into snapping stories of the horse-fairs, and she laughed and sang as I thought she had forgotten how to do.

"That's the world!" she cried, throwing back her head and reaching to the little patchy piece of night that came over our roof; "that's the world, Michael Beaver."

Michael Beaver tipped back in his chair and smoked his pipe and watched her queerly, then he swung his arm slowly around to the howling chimneys of the smelting-hole, and the tall, tight buildings everywhere. "Why, here's the world right here," he said. "Outside of this is—nothing."

But Hagar laughed and shook her head. "This the world?" she cried. "Why, what's here is just a scar on its beautiful body!"

The way Michael Beaver watched her made me think of Sarki's mastiff the day he had first seen a June bug.

One night, when it was raining and we did not go to the roof, Michael asked her to marry him, and suddenly tears came rolling down her cheeks till she couldn't stop them. . . . .

In The Patteran—a cameo of gipsy life—and love. By Dixie Willson.

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